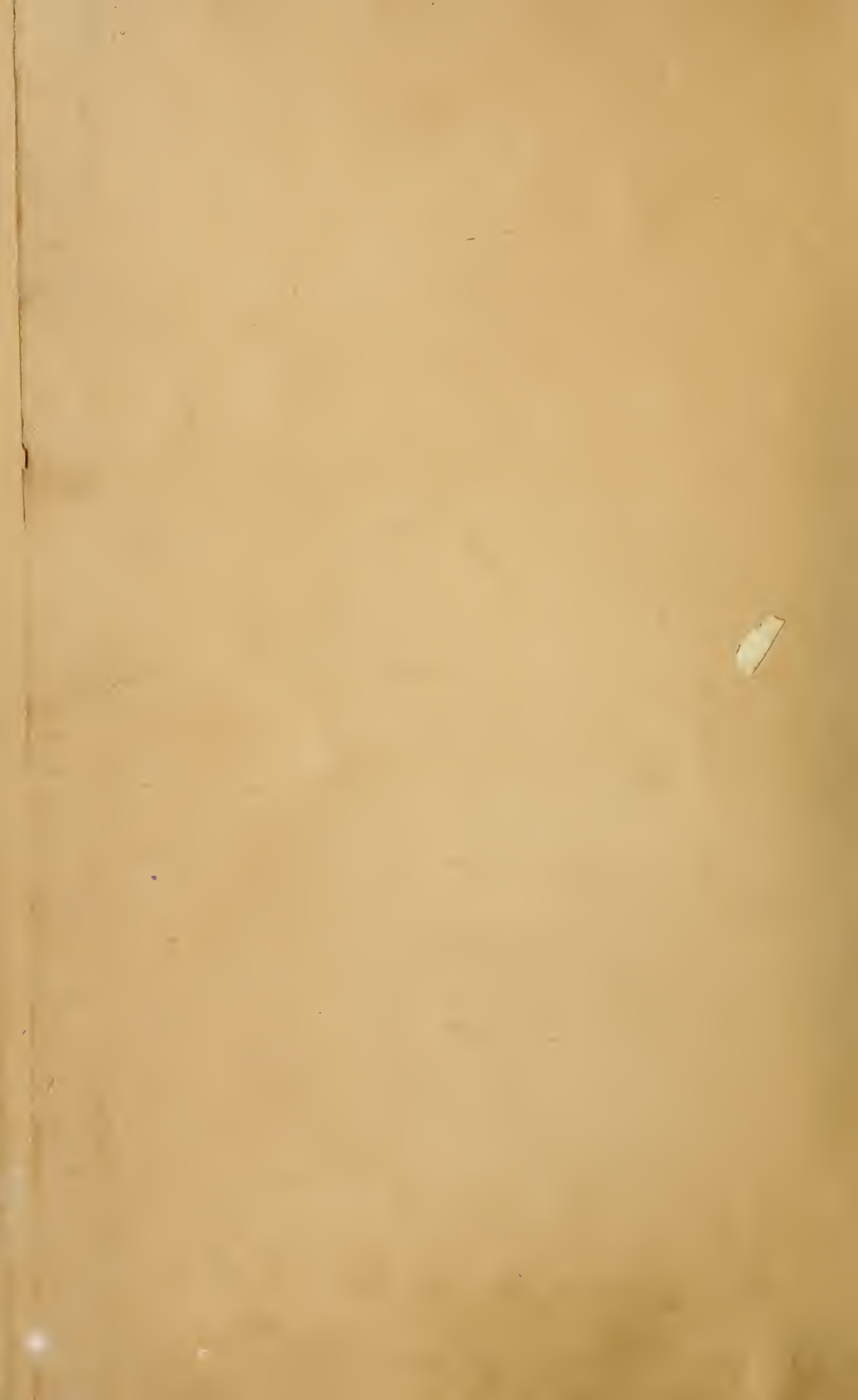


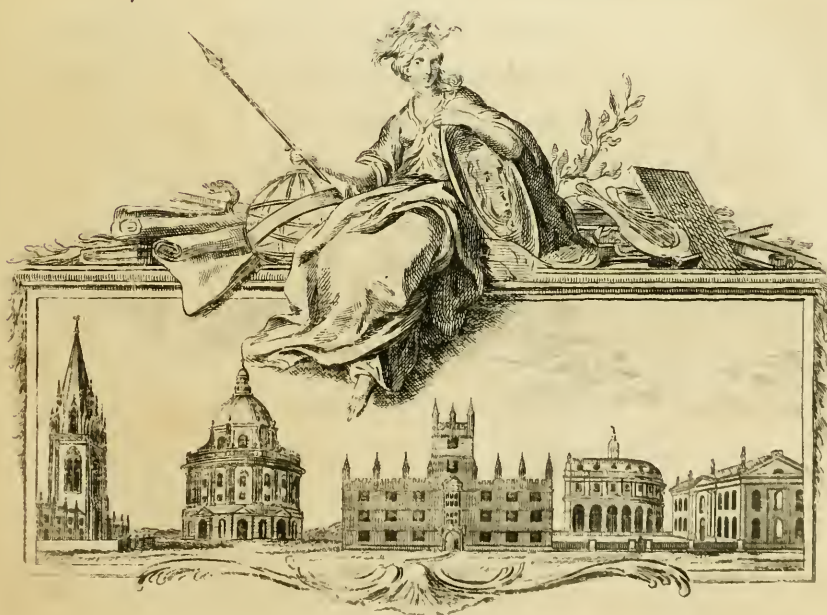


Bequest of
Rev. H. C. Scadding, D.D.
to the Library
of the
University of Toronto
1901

BEQUEST OF
REV. CANON SCADDING. D. D.
TORONTO. 1867.



GRATULATIO SOLENNIS
 UNIVERSITATIS OXONIENSIS
 O B
 CELSISSIMUM GEORGIUM FRED. AUG.
 WALLIÆ PRINCIPEM
 G E O R G I O III.
 E T
 CHARLOTTÆ REGINÆ
 AUSPICATISSIME NATUM.



52248
 26/12/01

O X O N I I,
 E T Y P O G R A P H E O C L A R E N D O N I A N O.
 M D C C L X I I.



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2010 with funding from
University of Toronto

A D R E G E M.

MACTE novâ cum laude Parens, auguste GEÖRGII
Altior heroo pede nunc assurgere gestit
Festa genethliacis applaudens Musa triumphis.
Gressus illa tuos læto comitatur honore,

Quà tu cunque viam virtutum tramite longo
Illustras, impressâ sequens vestigia laudum.
Illa sacro regale caput diademate cinxit,
Auspiciisque tuis serum produxit in ævum
Delicias populi florentis, et aurea secla :
Illa tibi tædas accendit rite jugales,
Hymen O Hymenæe canens; et pronuba blando
Augurio æterni stabilivit fœdus amoris.

Jamque puerperii ipem concinit, haud pietæ vanâ
Sic affata deos, queis vincla jugalia curæ;
“Nunc O fortunas gentis servate Britannæ!
“Nascatur tali de rege GEÖRGIUS alter!
“Tuque fave, Lucina; tuus jam regnat Apollo.”
Quod Musæ pietas, et spes, et vota petebant,
En! matura dies absolvit; et omine fausto
Prodit, uti cœlo demissum lumen, in auras
Regia progenies. I, nuntia fama per urbes,
Omnis ut unanimi circumsonet Anglia plausu,
Conscia lætitiæ, quam spondent fata perennem
Pignore firmatam tali: sic stirpis avitæ
Succrescat soboles, dum GEORGIUS usque superstes
Imperet, ad seros missurus sceptrâ nepotes.

Fortunate parens ! fas tecum templa subire,
Primitiasque deo thalami sacrare jugalis,
Et votis pro pace favens arcessere numen.
Quæ te cunque juvant, eadem nos gaudia tangunt,
Publica materies : quin nos rape in omnia tecum,
Atque urbis curas, et spem surgentis Iuli ;
Quem non degenerem aut patriæ virtutis egentem
Arguat ulla dies. — Animis atque arte magistrâ
Hic opus, Ænea, teneris heroa sub annis
Quæ subigat, fera corda domans, fingatque docendo.

Blanda suum luxu Delphinum Gallia perdat,
Fœmineoque animum doceat mollescere cultu :
Illa superstitione ipsas contamine aras,
Dedecoret factis Christi de nomine nomen :
Instruat illa malas fraudes, artemque nocendi ;
Illa fidem violare, et publica rumpere jura
Audeat, et durâ frænare tyrannide gentes :
Illa inhiet regnis, alienasque occupet arces,
Impia bella ciens, nullos habitura triumphos ;
Et quassum dubiâ formidine misceat orbem :
Hoc velit ambitio, et regnandi dira libido.

Te vero, Angliaci proles animosa GEÖRGÎ,
Laus diversa manet ; non tu dominabere victis
Civibus, oppressâ de libertate triumphans :
Nec te deliciis captum blandissima Syren
In nugas in damna trahet malefuada Voluptas :
Casta sed instituet docilem cultura juventam,
Ingeniumque sagax aptabit ad ardua rerum ;
Simplicitasque, et aperta Fides ignara dolorum,

Curaque

Curaque religionis in altâ mente reposta,
Illustret regale decus. Quin I pede fausto,
I jam, cælestis quo te sapientia ducit,
Patre pio monstrante viam — sic itur ad astra.

Imperium proferre super Garamantas et Indos
Ambitio Pellæa movet : tu regna tueri,
Ulciscique hostes, et marte repellere martem ;
Tu regere imperiis secura per otia gentem,
Legibus emendans, pergas, et moribus ornans ;
Tu servare fidem pacisque imponere morem —
Hic labor, hoc opus. O bellis invicte GEÖRGĖ,
Hæ tibi erunt artes, potiores mille triumphis.

O quando positis mitescent secula bellis,
Et nova pacato furget gens aurea mundo ?
Eia age, supremo decus hoc appone labori,
Æqua reluctantes cogens in jura tyrannos.
Sit modo certa fides, et non violabile pactæ
Fœdus amicitiae ; tali mercede redempta
Damna vel ipsa juvant, et non sine sanguine laurus.
Tantus amor pacis, tantæ est concordia curæ.

Sit felix omen ! jam nunc Victoria plaudens
Nascentis pueri cunis prætexit olivam,
Ostenditque novos regni surgentis honores.
Aspice, venturo lætentur ut omnia sæclo ;
Pax redit, innocuo comitantur gaudia lusu :
Fundit opes tellus, et pleno Copia cornu,
Et revocata Fides viget, et pulcherrima rerum
Libertas, populoque Themis dans jura volenti.
Navibus interea longinqua per æquora tutum

Præstabit Neptunus iter, cursusque secundos;
Diffitaque apportans gemini commercia mundi
Grande dabit vectigal; et Afer et Indus uterque
Confluet ad toto divisos orbe Britannos.

Tu tamen, O bone Rex, gentem dignare togatam
Respicere, et placidâ florentes pace Camœnas:
Ægide depositâ tua Pallas mitior artes
Excolet ingenuas; et, te duce et auspice, magnos
Æmulus ingeniorum ardor consurget in ausus.
Non tuba Virgilii deerit neque tibia Flacci
In laudes, Auguste, tuas; tua plurima vati
Materiem præbet virtus, quâ nulla Theatro
Clarius accedat, neque Phœbo gratior ulla,
Quam quæ rite tuos fastis inscribit honores,
Pacifici celebrans victoris Musa triumphum.

JOSEPHUS BROWNE S. T. P.

COLL. REGINÆ PRÆPOSITUS,
UNIVERSITATIS OXON. VICE-CANCELLARIUS.

U N I V. O X O N I E N S I S.

PRæcipitare fugam jussus, mandataque divûm
 Deferre, æthereâ missus ab arce Jovis,
 Aptat inauratas humeris Cyllenius alas,
 Et solitâ nitidos instruit arte pedes :
 Nec mora ; per liquidos tractus, cœlique meatus,
 Perque vias solis, fidereasque plagas,
 Fertur, ubi vitreas expandit Thamefis ulnas,
 Turritumque latus, navigerumque finum ;
 Miratur deus ; et collectis impiger alis
 Devexum pronò corpore radit iter :
 Principis ad teneri cunabula tendit, et omnem
 Plumarum ambrosio spargit odore domum :
 Ostentans manibus fulgentia munera divûm,
 Explicat innumeras officiosus opes.
 Omnia Lemniacæ felix solertia dextræ
 Cuderat, ornatu luxuriata novo.
 Primùm aperit sceptrum, donum regale Tonantis,
 Ante oculos pueri terque quaterque rotat ;
 Sceptrum auro factum, exiguum, summâ arte politum,
 Ordine gemmarum multicolore nitens.
 Inde manu attollit, Neptuni insigne, Tridentem,
 Distinctum spoliis divitis Oceani :
 Illum cæruleo variant conchylia fuco,
 Et quæcunque imis bacca relucet aquis.
 En ! stupet, insolitosque sonos puer inscius audit,
 Mercurio auratam percutiente lyram.
 Hanc dederat lauroque sua decorârat Apollo,
 Et doctâ aptârat fila canora manu.
 Ipsa quoque officii Pallas non immemor, hastam
 Ornabat, miris ingeniosa modis ;
 Pacificæ ramum super incurvabat olivæ ;
 (Sic dea consilio temperat arma suo.)

GRATULATIO

Dum puer eximiâ captatur imagine rerum,
Talibus alatus nuncius alloquitur :
“ Jupiter hæc, dilecte infans, munuscula misit,
Digna Britannorum principe, digna Jove :
Hæc tibi sint curæ, teneræque crepundia dextræ ;
Jam disce ætatis munia parva tuæ :
At simul Angliacum poteris cognoscere nomen,
Et famam, et veterûm fortia facta virûm ;
Fortunæque sequi magnas, moresque parentis,
Virtutisque vias, imperiique decus ;
Disces tanta tibi quid vellet cura deorum,
Quæque his debetur gloria muneribus :
Hinc olim poteris contundere marte Superbos,
Hinc olim placidâ pace beare Tuos.”
Dixit, et expansis diverberat æthera pennis,
Stellatæque Jovis tendit adire domos.

Illustrissimus Princeps *Henricus* Dux de *Beaufort*,

e Coll. Oriel.

UNIV. OXONIENSIS.

Nasceris alme puer, fecli felicitis origo
 Nasceris, et major rerumque beatior ordo
 Procedet. Longum jam cœli exercuit ira
 Ah! meritas gentes, totoque incanduit orbe :
 Nec fat erat, pavidæ naturæ a sedibus imis
 Fundamenta quati, ac magnam ingemuisse parentem
 Urbibus everfis; undantive æquore condi
 Tellurem, et ponti perferre immania monstra :
 Ipse sibi fit pestis homo crudelior ultro.
 Ipsi se invadunt simulato fulmine cæci
 Terrigenæ, flammisque, nefas! ferroque corusco
 Oppida sollicitant, et agros, Neptuniaque arva;
 Et sævum properant per mutua vulnera lethum.
 Quæ regio in terris miserorum haud ossibus albet?
 Sanguine quæ nostro oceani non decolor unda est?
 Quod mare, quæ tellus, quæ non et sidera cæli
 Res Britonum, et famam GEORGÍ testantur et arma?
 Ille quidem invitâ redimitur tempora lauru
 Victor, et usque manu ramum prætendit olivæ,
 Pacem optans toties dare fufis hostibus æquam.
 Nequicquam: donec te fidus, amabilis infans,
 Lætius indulfit mundo, voluitque paternum
 Luce novâ insignire caput; te, cujus ad ortûs
 Omina felicitis rabiemque irasque reponant
 Conversæ, et coeant æterna in fœdera gentes.
 Ergo levabit atrox orbem Discordia, tortis
 Anguibus excedens, Erebiq; adiget ad umbras.
 Tuta iterum domino parebunt arva colono,
 Atque operum lætum cumulabit frugibus annus;
 Securæ venient nota ad mulctralia vaccæ:
 Prisca Fides, Pietasque redux, Astræaque terras,
 Et cruce Relligio pectus signata, beabunt.
 Nasceris, alme puer, fecli melioris origo.

Honoratissimus *Arthurus* Comes de *Anglesey*,
 ex Æde Christi.

G R A T U L A T I O

DUM pignus thalami jugalis almo
 CHARLOTTA in gremio fovebat, usque
 Infixis oculis, simul maritus
 Suspenso super halitu susurrat :
 “ Spes ô ! primitiæque casti amoris,
 Patris deliciæ, piæque matris !
 Quas, Lucina, tibi bonisque divis
 Gratias ago millies superque !
 Mihi, siquid adhuc licet rogare,
 Dii dent, ingenui pudore vultûs
 Ut matrem referat puer tenellus.
 Nec mores faciles, nec absit illa,
 Quæ me furripuit, decora virtus.”

Hæc vir — nec mora, se reflectit uxor
 Mellitos oculos videns amoris,
 Infantem simul ore suaviata :
 “ Dum te, Vita, tuumque dulce pignus
 Amplexu teneo, deos quid ultra
 Rogandum superest ? Rogetur unum :
 Ut, si fas fuerit, tenellus infans,
 Quem lætis madidisque nunc ocellis
 Ludentem intueor, vigore mentis
 Sit patri similis; patrem virili
 Sequatur studio; sit illa cordis
 Severi probitas; sit ille vultus
 Jucundâ gravitate temperatus.”

Hæc gaudet Venus audiens, facemque
 Flammantem quatit altiùs Cupido.
 Nec omen leve gaudii perennis,*
 Patri semihiantibus labellis
 Puer brachia porrigit pusilla.

Honoratissimus Dominus *Robertus Spencer*,
 Illustrissimi Principis *Georgii* Ducis de *Marlborough* Frater,
 ex Æde Christi.

U N I V. O X O N I E N S I S.

Dilecta conjux cùm jaceret acribus
 Transfixa jam doloribus,
 Et jam remissi sæpe, post breves moras,
 Incerta ferrent nuncii,
 Quot fluctuabat inter ancipites metus
 Suspensa mens GEORGII,
 Dum sperat, optatæque nunc proli timet,
 Nunc conjugii suavissimæ.
 Simul recurfat indoles animo pia,
 Moresque, et ingenium placens,
 Et quicquid unquam molliora tempora
 Amabile aut blandum ferant.
 Has inter ægritudines lætissimus
 Repentè nuncius advolat,
 Matris salutem filiique prædicans.
 O! quale tam dulcis sonus
 Diffudit ora per paterna gaudium!
 Diuque suavi gaudeat
 Infante; curas inter arduas diu
 Fruatur hoc solatio.
 O magne præses imperi Britannici,
 Rerumque spes fidissima,
 Quanquam Britanni nominis, duce te, decus
 Terras per omnes diditur,
 Quanquam tropæa mille surgant Indiæ
 Ad utriusque littora,
 Non talis unquam corda tentavit priùs
 Sublapsa sensus intimos,
 Qualis voluptas aderit, ut primùm puer
 Te voce patrem dixerit.

Honoratissimus Dominus *Edvardus Bentinck*,
 Illustrissimi Principis *Guilielmi Ducis de Portland* Frater,
 ex Æde Christi.

G R A T U L A T I O

O terras ubicunque colas, aut æquora ponti,
 Huc refer ô placidum, Pax fugitiva, pedem!
 Alma veni, Angliacos optata allabere portus,
 Non terra imperio dignior ulla tuo est.
 Libertas tibi fida comes, castæque Camœnæ,
 Hic gaudent stabilem constituisse domum.
 Multa tuis Britones pia thura imponimus aris,
 Fundimus et querulis carmina sparsa modis.
 Traduntur ventis et spes et vota precantum;
 Nil pietas, nostræ nil valere preces.
 Ipse etiam qui sceptrâ tenet, licet inclytus armis,
 GEORGIUS ipse tuum numen abesse dolet.
 Nec sat victrici circumdata tempora lauru,
 Nec cæsæ hostiles sat placuere manus.
 Scilicet infido cessit fiducia Gallo,
 Et dolet irati numina læsa dei.
 Hispanæ veniunt, veniunt nova præda, cohortes;
 India direptas utraque luget opes.
 Plus multo est Britonum stabili quod gaudet amore,
 Audit quod patriæ rexque paterque suæ;
 Quaque ferat gressum, studiis comitantur euntem
 Et læti juvenes, et, pia turba, senes.
 Plus multo est, confors solii CAROLETTA torique
 Quod prolem casti pignus amoris habet.
 At nil tanta juvat magnarum gloria rerum,
 Nec puer Ascanius, conjugii fides,
 Angliacos donec fines, Pax alma, revisas,
 Et fidi redeant in tua jura lares.
 Tecum grata quies, et pleno Copia cornu,
 Intrabunt notos, candida Diva, sinus.
 Nauta domum repetens gemmis decorabit Eois
 Et sponsam, et sancti pignora cara tori:
 Attonitisque suis pandens miracula belli,
 Ostendet forti rapta tropæa manu.

Ergo

U N I V. O X O N I E N S I S.

Ergo nec proli metuet matrona, nec ulla
Absenti conjux diffociata viro.
Regius Angliaci nato moderamina sceptri,
Et regni exponet dogmata sacra pater :
Quâ possit leges, quâ libera jura tueri,
Nec tamen imperii non memor esse sui.
Conjugis accrescet (si fas) nova gratia formæ,
Dulcius et nomen dulce parentis erit.

Honoratissimus Dominus *Edwardus* Baro *Leigh*,

e Coll. Oriel.

PArvule ô, cunas habitans, manuque
Cereâ, quâ mox folii Britannii
Sceptra vibrabis, leviora nunc cre-
pundia quassans ;
Quem pater versat genibus, sinuque
Quem premit, dulci metuens saluti,
Anxie lætans *CAROLETTA*, salvumque
Anglia sperat :
Queis modis, quali officio laboris
Æmulæ Musæ tibi gratulentur ;
Debiti cui jam neque mens nec ætas
Conscia cantûs ?
En ! tuo adventu truculenta Mavors
Tela deponit : fatis ô superque,
Inquit, armorum : vocat ille partus
Munia pacis.

GRATULATIO

En! tuo adventu duplici renidet
Laureâ miles; dolet arva rursum
Rapta vi Gallus, dolet ictu Iberus
Simplice victus.

Restat ut famâ pater artibusque
GEORGIUS ditet patriam volentem;
Mox tibi (at fero) imperii gerendas
Credat habenas.

Interim rarâ docilis juventâ
Audies; dictique memor, parentis
Transferes vitam in proprios, propago
Inclyta, mores.

Te manet mille illecebris Voluptas
Perfidum ridens, studiosa fraudis;
Te suo captare parat veneno
Improba Circe.

Tu tamen, præcepta sequens paterna,
Cautus et Syrtes fugies latentes,
Naufraga et præter volitabis æquo
Marmora cursu.

Honoratissimus Dominus *Philippus* Vice-comes *Wenman*, A. M.

e Coll. Oriel.

UNIV. OXONIENSIS.

TO THE QUEEN.

A Ccept, Fond Mother, for that grateful name
New lustre to thy glory adds, accept
These lays unworthy, yet aspiring still
To sing thy worth unparallel'd, to sing
With thee thy tender charge; and evermore
His praise be told, his honour mix'd with thine!
Who but with heart elate, with thankful eye,
Beheld the dawning of that glorious morn
Presenting to our view the beauteous star?
With joy, as weary mariners, we caught
The sign propitious, certain now to reach
The port of wealth, prosperity, and peace.

O mark each virtuous parent! and declare,
What choicer blessing could his birth adorn,
Than to be sent their mutual love to grace,
Sole object of their fond united care?
Far happier yet, to gain that noble claim,
That rich inheritance, great GEORGE'S heart;
Those virtues, which thro' all this favour'd realm
Religion's fountain pure, and the clear stream
Of justice have enlarged, whence fraught with love
His subjects hearts the grateful harvest yield:
Than to be born the rising hope, the joy
Of England thus renown'd, thus flourishing
Mid' the destruction of her vanquish'd foes.
Whilst the dark frown of angry fortune's brow
All Europe else o'ercasts, she still secure
Sits smiling on the general terror; still
Submitting to her wide-spread yoke, new worlds
At once her clemency and power confess.

See to thy name, illustrious Monarch, see
A lasting honour rise! upheld in him
Shall late posterity thy name revere,

G R A T U L A T I O

Thy virtue still unfullied; still with pride
 Shall trace the boasted lineage, and confess
 The glorious fountain of their heart-felt joy.
 And thou, sweet prince, on whose laborious care
 The great design, th' extensive task depends,
 O let in thee thy father's gen'rous views
 Their due success, their due reward, attain!
 Warm'd with affection, as each pious tongue
 Now speaks thy charms of infant innocence,
 So when matur'd by age thy virtues shed
 A brighter day, may we admire and bless,
 With joy encreas'd, the far-surpassing charms,
 The nobler beauties of thy spotless heart.

Form then, Fond Mother, form the tender plant:
 Let pleasing fable to his infant mind
 Convey the gen'rous precept, till in time
 Unfolded reason shall thy care proclaim:
 Till rip'ning into worth, the swelling bud
 Put forth the virtuous blossom; such as now
 In thee, great prince, and thy much-lov'd lord,
 Exulting Britain hails! still may it spring
 Unshaken by the storms of adverse fate,
 Faction, or envy, or the pois'nous breath
 Of adulation, fatal foe to kings!
 Still grow superior to each hostile blast;
 Still bloom, and with its gladsome influence bless,
 Tho' late, a happy and a peaceful reign!

The Honourable *Brownlow North*, B. A.
 Second Son of the Right Honourable the Earl of *Guildford*,
 Fellow-Commoner of Trinity College.

UNIV. OXONIENSIS.

DURA fatis bella, et perfusos sanguine campos,
 Armaque, et invisæ fera mœnere militiai,
 Musa gravi dudum cecinit Mavortia plectro :
 Lætior Eois hodiè se attollere solem
 Prospiciet faxis, quo non formosior alter
 Purpureas late spargens per nubila flammæ
 Effulsit cælo, et nocturnas dispulit umbras.
 Venit enim, tandemque sacro se ostendit Olympo
 Expectata dies ; arrectasque impulit aures
 Plaudendum nova vox, et ovantis murmura vulgi,
 Oppidaque insueto circum ferventia plausu !
 Tolle caput focias supra, Brittannia, gentes,
 Gens dilecta Deo ! Tibi enim, Tibi nascitur ingens
 Et solii decus, et sceptri tutamen aviti ;
 Et magno imperio assurgit, non degener hæres.
 Si dulces pueri mores, si gratia formæ,
 Oraque, et in tenero majestas régia vultu,
 Non vanum augurium magnique haud irrita præbent
 Signa animi, simili revirefcet virga metallo,
 Et patris accendet puerilia pectora virtus.
 Nam neque degenerem duro in certamine pugnaë,
 Cum latè immixtis fervent nemora avia telis,
 Flet catulum genuisse leo ; micat æmula virtus
 Sanguineis effusa oculis ; ruit ille per arma,
 Perque canes ardens direptaue retia tendit.
 Ergo ubi fera dies et te matura senectus
 Abstulerint terris olim, patriisque, GEORGI,
 Reddiderint cœlis ; stabit memor ille parentis
 Egregii, fidosque idem tutabitur Anglos,
 Gallorumque minas et vim contundet Iberi.

Honorabilis *Thomas Lyttelton*,

Honoratissimi Domini Baronis *Lyttelton* Filius unicus,
 ex Æde Christi.

GRATULATIO

AD INSIGNEM VIRUM GUILIELMUM KING, LL.D.

AULÆ BEATÆ Mariæ VIRGINIS PRINCIPALEM.

Festivos inter plausus et vota tuorum,
Tu, venerande senex, frænos immitte dolori;
Nec desiderium tangat te semper acerbum,
Semper honoratum FANI, neu luctus iniquus
Tam cari capitis te funere mergat eodem.

Hoc tuus ipse, reor, multum voluisset, amicus
Patronusque idem; nam cum jam regius infans
Editus in lucem patriam exhilarasset ovanem,
Perpetuam et sceptri spem confirmasset aviti,
Audiit ille tuus, nigro sub limine mortis,
Rumorem lætus; dextramque ad sidera tendens,
“Haud inviti, inquit, superas jam linquimus oras,
“Te nascente, puer; sat nobis viximus; hæres
“Angliaci sceptri firmabis jura Britannis:
“Auspice te, patrias Libertas proteget arces.”

Quare age, et infensâ jamjam obrepente senectâ,
Dum licet, indulge genio; reminiscere quantum
Numinibus debent Britones, reminiscere quantum
Ipse simul debes; cui, post discrimina mille
Luctantis patriæ, nil non venale videntis,
(Dum victrix, frustra victrix, Provincia flevit)
Auspiciis tandem dederunt melioribus uti,
Detectisque dolis, retro omnia lapsa referri.

Fortunate senex! tibi conspexisse benigni
Donarunt superi, quem Wallia jactet alumnum,
Indigenam jactet quem læta Britannia regem.
Ecce tuis tandem dignata est alma vocari
Libertas precibus; — Rediit — rediensque, Britannis
Nil non augustum, nil non optabile præbet.
En! ut centenâ splendet victoria lauru,
Et proavis ignota, atavisque! En, præmia dignis

Jam

U N I V. O X O N I E N S I S.

Jam concessa iterum ; curfu dum vota Britannum
 Liberiore fluunt ; et tandem Musa Patronum
 Nacta incorruptum, laudatque notatque ; coactos
 Dedignata modos, et fictæ munera laudis.
 Ante omnes dilecta tibi Rhedycina beatum
 Augurium captat, mores celebratque paternos,
 Regales mirans thalamos, matrona pudica,
 Exemplumque suæ proponit amabile genti.

Ut juvat infignes iterumque iterumque triumphos
 Præsentire animo, quos olim magna reportet
 Progenies, GEORGÎ dum fido pectore fervat
 Augusti præcepta ! — At me spinosa morantur,
 Sed jucunda simul, juris documenta Britanni,
 Deflectuntque alio : nam quis salebrofa locorum
 Respuat, atque Illo * comes ire docente recuset,
 Cui musa, eloquii grato moderamine, legum
 Enodare dedit laqueos, et pandere jussit
 Perplexos aditus, et cæca retexere fila ?
 Ille diu Oxoniam, tali quæ gaudet alumno,
 Te socio, exornet ; dum vestrûm ostendet uterque
 Exemplo monitisque simul, quàm dulce decensque
 Principibus placuisse, et propria jura tueri.

* Guil. Blackstone, LL.D. Profess. Vinerian.

Honorabilis *Thomas Fitzmaurice*,

Frater Honoratissimi Comitis de *Shelburne*,
 ex Aulâ Beatæ Mariæ Virginis.

GRATULATIO.

TO THE KING.

FROM these calm bowers, and far-sequester'd cells,
Where meek-eyed Contemplation ever dwells,
By duty call'd, and faithful to her king,
The willing muse awakes the warbling string :
Her lyre attemp'ring to the public voice,
She knows with that to grieve or to rejoice ;
Now learns in plaintive melody to mourn,
And deck with pious flowers a sovereign's urn ;
Now in love's cause attunes the tender lay,
And hails the splendor of a bridal day :
Then fir'd by zeal, or by affection led
To bless the influence of the genial bed ;
She crowns the offspring of its purest flame,
And bids him rise to virtue and to fame.

'Tis hers, great monarch, to adorn your brow,
And on true goodness all her wreaths bestow ;
The well-weigh'd counsels of your reign relate,
And snatch your actions from the jaws of fate ;
To gather laurels from the field of war,
And catch the fire from glory's flaming car ;
Or when Mars' trump its iron roar shall cease,
To bind your forehead with the branch of peace.
She too, what time you quit the sound of strife
To taste the pleasures of domestic life,
Awaits to shed her ever-blooming bays,
And strew your silent walk with palms of praise.
Nor deem it rash, if she your paths invade,
And trace your virtues to the distant shade ;
Behold you there retiring from the croud
T' enshrine your radiance in a shadowing cloud,
And for a while appear more mildly bright,
Shewn in a husband's or a father's light ;
Shewn in soft colours of each melting sense,
The glowing look of love and innocence,

Th' im-

UNIV. OXONIENSIS.

'Th' impassion'd smile, the rapture-beaming eye,
And the true tear that starts insensibly.
Thence caught, some influence of each tender scene
Shall temper all the glories of your reign ;
And mingling with your frame, refine your soul,
Your passions calm, and harmonize the whole.

But lo, what pleasing toils your hours engage
To form a prince, and lead him up to age !
Aw'd by your precepts, by your fame inspir'd,
And by example's living lustre fir'd,
Shall young Iulus your known footsteps trace,
And add fresh glory to his royal race :
Be you his guide ; from vice protect his fame,
And snatch him, trembling, from the wasteful flame ;
Or may it harmless round his temples play,
And on his crown but cast a brighter ray !
Thence copied, all the virtues of your line
Shall with new beauty and new splendor shine ;
While from a mirror the well-nurtur'd youth
Reflects each lesson of infused truth,
And shews that maxim rightly understood,
That to be great he need but to be good.

Thus when a father's soul has shone confess'd,
And nature's fires have wak'd your inmost breast ;
One care remains, nor you despise the muse,
Nor the sweet tuneful song of truth refuse :
Should Britain call, collect each spark of love,
And to your country the whole flame remove ;
For this be husband, father, all things dear,
That virtue spread may fill a larger sphere ;
And you their common parent all will own,
While every Briton is your well-lov'd son.

The Honourable *Ambrose Saint John*,
Brother of the Right Honourable Lord *Saint John* Baron of *Bletsoe*,
of Brasenose College.

G R A T U L A T I O

Salve! Connubialis Amor! Lex mystica! De te,
 Perpetuo ceu fonte, domestica pignora manant,
 Natique fratresque, et nexûs cura paterni,
 Vinc'la, nisi extremo non dissoluenda sepulchro.
 Tu primas formasti urbes; hominumque, jubente
 Te, liquit primùm consortia fœda libido,
 Inque cava effugit nemora, et vaga lustra ferarum.
 Nec vero tantùm congestum cespitem culmen
 Te juvat, aut faciles tecto sub paupere somni,
 Infidas exosam urbes, dubiosque Hymenæos:
 Cæsaris auspiciis tandem licet atria regum
 Purpureâ accedas pallâ, tedâque jugali.
 O verè intemerata fides! et pectore in uno
 Ominibus conjuncta bonis, faustisque Hymenæis!
 Ergo deficiet depressa licentia passim,
 Exemploque GEÖRGÎ, imitabitur æmula pubes
 Innocuos mores, et vitam labe carentem,
 Conjugiumque petet, culpâque vacabit ab omni.
 Ergo etiam simili gaudebunt prole parentes,
 Nec violata domus læsos plorabit honores,
 Degeneremque torum, et suppositos quæstæ nepotes.
 Tuque adeo votis jam nunc, puer, addite nostris,
 Quid non præclari patrio sub nomine debes?
 GEORGIUS alter eris: teneros ille imbuet annos,
 Consilioque animum firmabit magna moventem:
 Qualis et ipse olim FRED'RICUS (amabile nomen!)
 Surgenti nato laudis præcepta futuræ
 Indidit; ingeniumque suis velocius annis
 Miratus, non fœmineâ mollescere turbâ,
 Nec tamen in Martis passus ruere arma furem,
 Pacis amans. — Sed enim quæ Principe digna Britanno,
 Quidve sequens famæ conscendere in ardua posset,
 Hoc omne edocuit, jussitque ostendere natis.
 Virtutis, patriæque parens, sic fœvit habenas
 GEORGIUS imperii manibus moderarier æquis;

Deliciæ

U N I V. O X O N I E N S I S.

Deliciæ Britonum, metuendusque hostibus hostis.
Talem te feri videant dare jura nepotes,
Edoctum regnandi artes; animisque paternis,
Quantum armis, tantum clarâ pietate potentem.

Honorabilis *Joannes Hanger,*

Honoratissimi Domini Baronis de *Coleraine,*

Filius natu maximus,

Coll. Regim. Sup. Ord. Commens.

A D R E G E M.

O Magne princeps, ô salus Britannia,
Sub quo reluxit inquinatæ patriæ
Avita virtus; cujus auspiciis dare
Iterum subactis jura novit hostibus,
Pacemque vidit postulare supplices!
Fas sit Camœnæ, quæ tuam semper colit
Honestâ famam, fas inani carmine
Memorare quæ tacere nescit gaudia,
Perpetua spondet quæ Britannis gaudia,
Sublimiore digna versu gaudia.

Vidit Camœna, læta vidit Angliam
Minas superbas hostium contundere,
Orisque ferre ab omnibus victoriam
Turpis repulsæ nesciam; circumflua
Dumque illa victrix regnat inter æquora,
Ministra belli, et, tuta vastis classibus,
Vindicta torquet hinc et inde fulmina,
Pacis sereniora sentit otia.

Vidit Camœna, læta vidit Angliæ
Orbis remotas per plagas patentia
Florere plenis carbasis commercia,
Sub te patrono: quin et occultum caput

G R A T U L A T I O

Subitò e tenebris vidit Artes tollere ;
 Ignota quin et regibus Scientia
 Tibi, magne princeps, pandit abstrusos sinus,
 Certos penates sub tuis palatiis
 Posuisse læta ; — vidit — at tantam procul
 Procul intuetur, magne princeps, gloriam.
 Sed furget olim, furget Angligenum decus,
 Dignè celebret qui perenni carmine,
 Qui te patronum literarum et artium,
 Qui te ministrum pacis et belli canat.

Imbelliores interim valeant modi
 Meæ Camœnæ ! floreas diu decus,
 Tutela, Britonum ! floreas Scientiæ
 Pater, patronus, indies major tuæ,
 Novæque cingant laureæ sacrum caput.
 Seroque cum nativa repetes fidera,
 Famæque honestæ plenus et vitæ satur,
 Difficile sceptri pondus olim filio
 Trades gerendum ; gloriâ pollens pari,
 Paribusque splendide micans virtutibus,
 Pariter saluti consulat Britannæ,
 Pariter superbas hostium tundat minas,
 Pariterque amatam nutriat scientiam,
 Patre digna proles ! Absit at tristis dies,
 Dies Britannis luctuosa, sed tibi
 Minus hinc severa fiet, et minus tuis.

Honorabilis *Guilielmus Hanger*,

Honoratissimi Domini Baronis de *Coleraine*,

Filius natu secundus,

Coll. Reg. Sup. Ord. Commenf.

PURE are the joys which speed thy smiling hours,
 Blythe nuptial god, nor impotent such balm
 To medicine the ills of man : for still
 In thy chaste bow'r from unexhausted source
 Love breaths secure delight, and wafts uncloy'd
 The fond effusion of congenial souls :
 Transport ineffable, and best alloy
 To temper virtue's rigid lore ; which else,
 In rude array of native worth might chill
 Youth's genial hopes, and back with slack recoil
 Appall her shrinking nerves. — But oh ! what skill
 Of subtlest thought may tell th' exulting joys
 Of that blest morn, when with triumphant arm
 The grateful father rears to heav'n's high pow'r
 His infant image ; and adoring loud
 Th' eternal Maker's all-creating hand,
 Boasts a man child is born ! Then a bland train
 Of thousand cares with mild sollicitude
 Wake his parental love. How best t' improve
 The kindly shoot of nature's active vigour,
 And train her fair luxuriance : how t' unveil
 The vivid emanation of heav'n's fire
 Breath'd in the infant mould, and purge its beam
 From base alloy, and film of mortal coil.

For not in vain doth sage philosophy
 Chastise with sober discipline the rage
 Of headlong appetite ; nor vainly call
 Youth's wand'ring eye from pride's o'er-weening pomp,
 And garish boast of happiness : full oft
 Illusion apt to win on goodliest spirits,
 Ec'r sun-clad wisdom on their darkling vision
 Pours her effulgence, with her peerless blaze

GRATULATIO

Baffling fuch glitter. She, juſt arbitreſs!
Weighs in her golden ballances the hopes
Of ſanguine inexperience ; and diſcreet,
Sifts with ſure ſkill true good from ſeeming fair :
There fixing her mature deſires, where joy
And home-felt bliſs approve the juſt reſolves
Of conſcious virtue : where unblemish'd fame,
And pure fruition without ſurfeit reigns.

Nor other care, great GEORGE, with weightier charge
Sits on thy boſom, when thy kingly hand
Now checks the rein of victory's ſcythed car,
And ratifies to England's riſing hope
Th' inheritance of many a wide domain,
Thy trophies. — Nobler empire ſhalt thou build
On virtue's baſe in his young breaſt ; and teach
By fair example to his rip'ning years,
How vain the plume of conqueſt, or the pride
Of ſcepter'd rule, or pleaſure's charmed lure,
To lull th' immortal longings of the ſoul
Which virtue liſts to heav'n. So ſhall he win
The meed of innocence ; and haply bind,
In the bright realms of incenſe-breathing bliſs,
The ſtarry trophy round his patient brow.

Sir John Ruſſell Baronet, B. A.

Student of Chriſt Church.

UNIV. OXONIENSIS.

SALVE GEORGI! — rite muneribus suis
 Te Musa donat, five victor audias
 Seu tu pater libentius, Britanniae
 Dum quicquid usquam accessit amplitudinis,
 Et prole nunc et pace fancias simul.
 Quanquam fidelis nata Mnemosynes suum
 Victoribus Camæna fancias decus,
 Tamen ipsa, sævi Martis a tumultibus
 Secreta sylvas propter et rivos aquæ,
 Pacem suis amiciorem sedibus
 Magis volenti concinit præconio.

O mater artium, ingenî pulcherrima
 Nutrix, latentes quæ silenter elicits
 Quoscumque fructus alma parturit Quies,
 Quæ musa tibi non gratuletur advenæ?
 O Pax, sereno tu ferens vultu diem,
 Ridere lætas cuncta per terras jubes
 Ubicumque faustum dia diffundis jubar.
 At gloriam si bella dant, si latius
 Diffusa populos jura per victos ferunt,
 Non gloriæ, non imperî fructus, nisi
 Tuâ manu, Pax alma, conditi juvant.
 Te, diva, quicquid asperum, quicquid ferum,
 Inhospitale quicquid usquam, amabiles
 Quacunque gressus dirigis, pulsum fugit.

O magna proles, ô Britanniae tuæ
 Donate princeps! disce quo sub omine
 Nascaris, area quanta se pandat tibi.
 Attingit aures primus en teneras sonus
 Quem victo ab hoste fundit exultatio!
 Sat arma jam dedere; jam victoria
 Tropæa confirmavit, auctior ultimâ
 Ut gratuletur voce nascenti tibi:
 Paratque, posito Martis ense, munia
 Quietiora, digna nec tamen minus.

G R A T U L A T I O

En! ut Scientiarum et Artium chorus,
 Amica Pax quos candido foveat sinu,
 Te mox patronum, mox patrem, spondent tibi.
 Norunt sub auspice quo, quibus penetralibus
 Nutritus, olim mente perspicies tuâ
 Et intus hauries, scientiæ tegant
 Sublime siquid, siquid artes elegans.
 Nam fidus ipse dux puertiæ, tibi
 Dubios studebit anxius gressus pater
 Firmare, lubricum usque prætentans iter;
 Capitique textet ferta virtutum, virent
 Ubicunque, flores sedulâ carpens manu.

Jacobus Macdonald Baronettus,
 ex Æde Christi.

A D R E G E M.

A Ngligenum valere preces; votisque supremam
 Imposuit deus ipse manum! Britonum ipse triumphis
 Optatam statuit metam pater; utque reverti
 Nesciat, occlusosque habeat fortuna regressus,
 Gaudia sancivit partu cumulata recenti.

Hujus in adventu, medii trans æquoris undas,
 Aggere murorum ac triplici munimine septus,
 Intremuit, cæcoque labantia corda pavore
 Obstupuit perculsus Iber; quin, "Pandite portas,
 "Pandite (ait,) cinctasque arces referate; quid ultra
 "Tendimus? Ipse suis animos viresque secundas
 "Sufficit Angligenis hominum pater; ipse faventis
 "Signa manûs, jam nunc, manifestâ in luce retexit."

Parte aliâ (neque enim deus imperfecta Britannis
 Gaudia, cum talem genti concessit alumnum;)
 Gallicus e spoliis prædo brevibusque tropæis
 Pulsus abit, furto paulum lætatus inani;

Surreptof-

U N I V. O X O N I E N S I S.

Surreptofque palam reddit nudatus honores.

At tibi, magne parens, feſto dum compita plauſu
 Effraſtas reſonant acies exciſaque valla,
 En erit, ut liceat tanto immiſcere tumultu
 Gaudia, quæ tangant animos ſincera parentis !
 Scilicet hoſtili quoties e ſtrage recentem
 Vidimus ire ducem, medii inter feſta triumphi,
 Neſcio quid ſubtriſte ac lamentabile murmur
 Plauſibus inſinuat ſeſe ; importuna doloris
 Vox ſonat, invitasque allabens vulnerat aures.
 Dulcior, et qualem nihil interpellet amari,
 Attingat patrios animos, propiorque voluptas ;
 Quanta ſubeſt, vigili cùm mox ſpectabis oculo
 Lucida divinæ pucro rationis oriri
 Tela procul, ſparſumque diem illuſceſcere menti.
 Suave adeo, et veteres annorum evolvere faſtos,
 Magnorumque oculis regum veſtigia cautis
 Clara ſequi ; non quos ventolo gloria curru
 Per ſtratas miſerorum acies, populataque traxit
 Oppida, ſædatumque horrendis cladibus orbem :
 Sed quibus innixæ cuſtodibus, aurea gentes,
 Militiæque domique, bonas coluere per artes
 Otia ; qui lances æquato examine juſtas
 Immotâ tenuere manu ; qui dulcia Muſis
 Hoſpitia, et ſacras poſuere vagantibus arces,
 Unde ſuum peperere decus ; qui pace dederunt
 Ditia per latos regni commercia portus
 Fervere ; qui populi longùm vixere beati
 Deliciæ, ſimilesque ſui finxere nepotes.

Hinc poteris vitæ ſenſim inſtillare futuræ
 Prima rudimenta, atque animum ad virtutis honeſtos
 Conformare habitus, patrioſque inducere mores.

David Gregory, S.T.P.

Ædis Chriſti Decanus.

G R A T U L A T I O

UNDE (bellantùm tibi polliceri
Nemo quod regum potuit) repentè
Conditur ferrum? Britonas an ætas

Ferrea liquit?

Undè, nummorum facie recenti
(Hosticas dum Mars spoliavit arces)
Albion gaudet? Redeuntne in aurum

Tempora priscum?

Usque te laudem celeberrimi, sol,
Conscium partûs! utinam cieret
Arbiter Musas, Dryadas ut olim

Sicelidasque

Mantuxæ vates: minor heu! poeta
Nunc opus majus movet; ordo major
Nascitur; Musæ et grave munus instat

Oxonienfi.

Non in adversas gerit usque bellum
GEORGIUS victor ruiturus arces;
Nec novum ultorem proprio exoriri

Stemmata sperat:

Cultor at pacis studiosus, addit
Alterum pignus, genitor vocari
Lætus, et partûs eadem refulget

Pacis et hora.

Accola hunc solem celebret, bicornis
Flumen ad Rheni, Sequanæque potor;
Laudet et, quamvis modo raptam Iberus

Luget Havannam,

Luget et Calpen, propè, sed remotam!
Austriæ et frendens Mulier per urbes
(Cui dedit regnum stabile Anglicanus

Ensis et aurum)

Labra compressa, et placidos ocellos,
His ferat cunis: ibi non videbit
Parvulis pressos digitis minacis

Herculis angues;

Nuncium

U N I V. O X O N I E N S I S.

Nuncium pacis placidæ, en! olivam
Porrigit ridens puer: utriusque
GEORGI donum rapiat Therefa,
Gallus, Iberus.

Theophilus Leigh, S.T.P.
Collegii Balliolensis Magister.

A D R E G E M.

JAM, rex magne, iterum tua te Rhedycina salutat,
Patronoque ferunt gratæ sua dona Camœnæ.
En, tibi, quem votis avidi præcepimus, hæres
Exoritur, stirpis generosæ pulchra propago.
Salve fausta domus: vivant feliciter ambo,
Conjuge vir dignus, conjux quoque digna marito.
Salve tu puer, Angliacæ spes altera gentis:
Moribus et vultu referas utrumque parentem.

Te nascente dies video procedere lætos;
Lætitiâ Angligenæ voces ad fidera jactant:
Collucent ignes, resonant modulamine turres,
Responfant colles, ripæ clamore resultant.
Ifis jam sonat ipsa, sonat tibi carmina Camus:
Suaviaque Aoniæ nectunt tibi ferta sorores.
Nascentem viridi redimit Victoria lauro,
Et pax alma suâ cunas præcingit olivâ.
Aspera compositis mitescunt secula bellis;
In falcem innocuam rigidus curvabitur ensis;
Agrestique minax mutatur vomere cuspis.
Lubrica nec vanas meditatur Gallia fraudes:
Nec duro infelix teritur Germania bello.
Tutus nauta vehit pacata per æquora merces:

GRATULATIO

Et pleno terras opulentat Copia cornu.
Et jam victor utrisque reversus miles ab Indis
Præliaque et pugnas, sævi et discrimina martis,
Rusticus agricolas inter narrabit hiantes.
Alter palantes memorat per cæcula Gallos;
Et trepidas misero conclusas amne carinas:
Alter Mindensis recitat miracula pugnæ;
Partosque indomitâ Britonum virtute triumphos.
Montem Regalem canit hic fine cæde receptum;
Quebeccamque ducis pretioso sanguine partam:
Regna ille ostendit Gallo direpta fugaci;
Et dubio Havannam tandem certamine captam.
Fortia facta virûm arrectâ bibit aure juvenus:
Et patria Angligenûm gliscit sub pectore virtus.

Regis ad exemplum lætus componitur orbis:
Et Pudor, et Virtus audet neglecta reverti:
Nec procures thalami contemnunt jura paterni;
Nec prætextati maculantur crimine mores.
Exulat omne nefas: Furor impius ore cruento
Pulsus abijt, scissâque fugit Discordia pallâ.

Tu puer interea, teneris formatus ab annis,
Et patris, et matris, præcepta, exempla, secutus,
Virtutis normam disces, artemque regendi.
Cumque pater longos annorum expleverit orbis,
Serusque in cælum ascendat, tu sceptrâ capessès,
Felicesque reges parili virtute Britannos,
Bello et pace potens idem, pietate, vel armis
Egregius, magnorum haud unquam indignus avorum.

Thomas Randolph, S.T.P.

C. C. C. Præfes.

UNIV. OXONIENSIS.

AD REGEM.

MAxime rex, tam plena Dei cui gaudia fudit
 Larga manus, quem tam primævo in flore juventæ
 Augustæ soboli fecit CAROLETTA parentem;
 Annue, si nostrâ liceat te voce morari,
 Annue carminibus. — Quamvis jam patria cūra
 Sollicitâ totam teneat dulcedine mentem,
 Quamvis, attoniti fastum domiturus Iberi,
 Ingeminata novus moliris vulnera victor;
 Sedula vota tamen, lætæ munuscula Musæ
 Importuna, tuas labi patiare per aures.

Nam neque fas alio nobis potiore triumpho
 Intendisse lyras: siqueis concordia demum
 Civica, si Britonum virtus et gloria cordi,
 Victricesque acies, et spes nascentis Iuli,
 Fas sit ovare tuis, plausuque incendere cantus
 His super auspiciis; ut non vehementior olim
 Vox audita loqui, Cumææ virginis ulla
 Valvis exierit; centum licet intus ab antris
 Effera veridico sæviret Apolline vates.

Salve auguste infans! totis Academia Salve!
 Reddit ovans citharis; et spe præfaga superbâ
 Prima coronali cingit cunabula lauro.
 Exoriare novum patriæ decus! incrementum
 Indigenæ generis! sanguis præclare Britannûm!
 Exoriare! — Tuis, per sæcla novissima, magnis
 Ominibus, feros instaurature triumphos!
 Inclyte cresce puer! thalami spes prima paterni,
 Primus amor! senique voluptas fera futuri!
 Inclyte cresce puer! decus accessûre superbum
 Oxonidûm fastis, et postera gloria chartis!

Hanc alii rerum seriem venturaque fata
 Evolvant, quæis robur adhuc et junior ætas.
 Hunc natum vidisse tamen, patriæque subortum
 Sidus, promissæque nepotibus omina famæ
 Jamdudum stabilita tuo sub numine, GEORGI,
 Vergentis mihi quod restat solabitur ævi.

*Joannes Fanshawe, S. T. P. SS. Theologiæ Professor Regius,
 Ædis Christi Canonicus.*

G R A T U L A T I O

MOraris ergo folis optatum jubar,
 Britonumque plausus lentus exultantium
 Audis ; nec alti te super collis jugo
 Adhuc superbis vidimus vectum rotis.
 Ingredere ; cupidis da diem mortalibus :
 Te, te Britannis fas fit hodierno die
 Vadis morantem provocare cæulis,
 Ortumque festâ voce gratularier.
 Nec te vel atros lætior fluctus super,
 Direpta laceris carbasa antennis legens,
 Vidit procellas dissipare navita ;
 Dominive duro servus elapsus jugo ;
 Quàm vota fundens debita hæc artium domus.
 Nam, te nitente, magnus ille GEORGIUS,
 Benigniori fidere his terris datus,
 Tulit parentis nomen ; hinc Britannia
 Bene ominatis fræna laxat gaudiis ;
 Hinc et, canorus quæ refert Pindi chorus,
 Nos grata regi dedimus munuscula.
 Ergo nec orâ rursus in Britannicâ
 Tumultuantis vox fremet Discordiæ ;
 Miserûmve frustra civium effusus cruor
 Lauros et arma polluet victricia.
 Dolebit acri Gallus invidiâ procul ;
 Domitæque tandem fracta vis Iberiæ
 Posuisse vanas discet impotens minas.

O magne fautor, ô salus Britanniaë,
 Seu tu, subactos æquoris fluctus super,
 Procul arce summâ et rupe candenti sedens,
 Vides superbas ire per falsum rates,
 Præsensve nostras ducis in bellum manus ;
 Hunc, ô ! beati si quid aut piæ preces
 Populive virtus poscit, hunc dignum sui,
 Suique nobis da patris simillimum !

Joannes Kelly, M. D.

Medicinæ Professor Regius, ex Æde Christi.

UNIV. OXONIENSIS.

קִימוּ שְׂרִים וּשְׂאוּ זִמְרָה
אֶל מֶלֶךְ רֵם מֶלֶךְ נוֹרָא:

הִבּוּ כְבוֹד אֶל הַמַּלְכָּה
כִּי נְאוּהָ הִיא מֶה רַב עֲרֻכָּה:

הֵן הִיא כִּנְפֵן פּוֹרִיחַ
הַמְלִיטָה בֶן כַּעַת חִירָה:

יּוֹשֵׁב הָאֵי עַל צִיץ הָלוֹ
נָתַן קוֹלוֹ וּמֵאֵד עָלוֹ:

תַּפְאֶרֶת גִּיּוֹרָג בְּלֹתֵי הַשְּׁבוּת
הֵן הוּא שׁוֹרֵר עַל כָּל לְבוּת:

מֵאֵה שְׁנִים הֵן הוּא יַעֲצוֹר
לִזְנוֹן תִּשְׁכִּיל תַּגְדֵּל מַצּוֹר:

וּבְנֵי יָקוֹם אֶל קֵץ יָמִים
יֵשֶׁב הַהֲתִיּוֹ עַל כֶּסֶם תַּמִּים:

אֲנִגְלַנְד תִּירֵשׁ עֻז וּבִרְכָּה
לְעַד תִּכּוֹן הַמַּמְלָכָה:

Thomas Hunt, S. T. P.

Ædis Christi Canonicus,

Ling. Hebr. Professor Regius,

et Professor Ling. Arab.

GRATULATIO

ΤΟΙς ἀγαθοῖς ἐκ ἐστὶ γέρας χερμασερον αλλο
 Ἡ ὅταν ἡς ἀρετῆς ἀνταξίον ἐλάβον αἶνον.
 Τενεχά σοι, μεγαθύμῃ Βρεταννῶν οὐχαμέ λαῶν,
 Μῆσα πλεκεῖ σφάντες, συλλέξασ' ἀνθεα, χαλκῆς
 Πιερίδων χαποισιν ὅση χρεῖ εἰαρεῖ ὥρη.
 Καὶ νυν αὐτ' ἀλοχίῳ φίλης εἰκωδεα φημιν
 Τερπεταὶ ὑμνεῖσθα, παρ' Ἰσίδ' ἱερῶν ὕδωρ.

Οὐδ' ἀγ' ἀκηδέσῳ τερπίνης εὐρεία Βρεταννίς
 Ἀγέλης ηἰκασεν, ὅτε τριλλιστὸν ἐδωκεν
 Αἰδοίῳ βασιλῆϊ θεῖον γόνον, ἀλλὰ δέδωκεν
 Εἰλαπίνῃ, θαλιαὶ τε, κατ' ἐρχατὰ πειρατὰ γαίης.

Σοὶ δέ, πατερ, ποίῳ γανεί φρενες ἐνδὸν ἰανθῇ
 Πρωπῆς εἰσορῶντι νεὸν θαλῶς, ἥνικα μῆτης
 Κεμένη ἐν λεχέϊ, μετὰ πικρῶν ἀλγέα πολλὰ
 Ωδίνων, νυν αὖτε λελασμένη ὅσ' ἐπεπονθεῖ,
 Ἀσπασίον θηδύ' ὥσιν, διερῶς οφθαλμοῖς,
 Παιδ' αἰπυλὸν μετὰ χερσὶν ἐχόντα, σὺδ' ἀλλοτε παῖδ',
 Ἀλλοτε δ' αὖ κεδνῆς ἐπὶ μητερεῖ ὡπα ἰδεσκές.

Ὡ παῖ μῦρ μαχαρ, ὦ ἀγαθὰ κεκτημένη παντὰ
 Ἄ δειλοῖς ποτε μοῖρα θεῶν δῶκ' ἀνδρωποισιν
 Οὐ τοσσὴν τοι εὐφροσύνην παντ' ἀλλὰ παρεξεί,
 Οὐ ἀδενὸς ἀρρήκτον σραπῶν, νικαὶ τ' ἐπὶ πασῶν
 Ἡπειρῶν, αἷς ηελίς ἐπικιδνάτα αὐγῇ,
 Οὐ τοίῳ ὅπ' λαῶ ἀνασῆς, ὅς φρεσὶν ἐσθλαῖς
 Ἡνοξῇ τ' ἐκεχάστο κατ' ἀνδρῶν μῦρα φύλα,
 Οὐδ' αὐτὰ κλεῖ εὐρυ, καὶ ολῖον ἀπειρεῖον, ὅσῳ
 Παις ὁδὲ νηπαχός, μῆρῳ ὅτε χεῖρε πετιόσας
 Πατρὶ ἐκ γήρυων αἴψαιτο, φιλημάτων ζήτων.

Χαῖρε πατερ, πάντων θ' ἐνεκα τέρετοιο, μαλίστα
 Τεδε βρεφες γλυκερῶν ὁ δ' ὁμοῖος ἔοισι τοκευσι
 Παντὰ γήρυι, ἀρετῇ τε πατρώϊον εὐχος ἀεξοί.

*Samuel Dickens, S. T. P. Linguae Graecae Professor Regius,
 ex Aede Christi.*

UNIV. OXONIENSIS.

HAIL to the sacred day, that gives an heir
 To Britain's throne, and opens th' extended view
 Of glories yet remote ! th' auspicious day,
 Now crown'd with recent honours, nor before
 To Britons unendear'd, that saw matur'd
 In full event great Nassau's glorious plan ;
 Religion, Freedom, on the solid base
 Of law erected ; and th' important charge
 Consign'd to Brunswic's chosen race ; a line
 Of patriot kings, ordain'd to guard secure
 The rich deposit, and to latest times
 Inviolate the blessing to convey.

Thrice happy Britain ! by th' encircling seas
 Divided from the world ; in arts, in arms
 Preeminent : but far above the rest
 In the high privilege of legal sway
 Distinguish'd : where the civil pow'rs triform,
 Of various aim, in union meet combin'd,
 Each tempering each in just degree, hold on
 Their steady course, and tend to one fixt point,
 The general good. As in this mundane frame,
 Adjusted by th' all-wise Arch-builder's hand,
 Each rolling sphere, wand'ring in regular maze,
 Prime or attendant ; every part, each grain,
 Each atom, with due poise, and moment due,
 Adds his conspiring influence, and attracts,
 Attracted ; while the great superior orb,
 All-cheering fount of light, himself obeys
 The general impulse : he from his high state
 With undiminish'd majesty descends,
 Revolving round the common central goal
 With solemn pace, and joins the mystic dance.

O fairest form of well-built polity,
 By antient sages sought in vain, unknown
 To foreign climes, Britain's peculiar boast !
 O justly dear to all thy sons ; of all
 Regardful ! safe in thy protection rests
 The lowly cot : nor less the regal throne

Stands

G R A T U L A T I O

Stands firm by thee, and owns thy guardian care.
 By thee secure the sceptre of the main,
 From fire to son transmitted, shall descend
 Thro' Brunswic's line; nor know the frequent change,
 And sad vicissitude, that still attends
 Tyrannic rule unblest. There dark Distrust,
 Pale Jealousy, and Fear with haggard look,
 For ever dwell: while lurking Fraud her snares
 Spreads thro' the guarded dome; and close Cabal,
 Shunning day's dreaded eye, o'er danger broods.
 See, where immur'd in cheerless state unseen
 Sits the proud eastern despot; fear'd of all,
 Himself most insecure: no kindred near,
 No friend as his own soul; from all the joys
 Of social life sequester'd: a dark void
 Surrounds the desert throne, distain'd with blood
 Of brethren, rivals deem'd; congenial blood,
 Dire off'ring, at Suspicion's horrid shrine
 Pour'd out, the tyrant's guardian deity,
 Preposterous, who in frantic fear destroys
 His best supports, and with blind confidence
 Against his own bare bosom arms his slaves.

But learn, ye Britons, with observance due,
 With holy estimation, and deep awe,
 Your country, your religion, to revere,
 Your laws, your liberty. Ye, princes, learn,
 That not the vain acquire of boundless sway,
 Too big for man to wield, for angel's grasp
 Too big; but fair equality of rule,
 But pow'r obedient to the rein of Law,
 To Reason, Justice, Faith; true greatness gives,
 Gives true authority to kings. Here fix
 The butt of your ambition; hither aim
 Your whole intent. Be this your majesty,
 Your strength: in this your safety stands; in this,
 Your happiness, your virtue, and your praise.

Joseph Spence, M.A. Regius Professor of Modern History.
of New College.

اضطرب في الارضهم الفرنجيون
اضطرب باسرههم البورديون
قلت بديها مضمنا
ارسل الله بحار فتن عليهم
اقبلت كقطع من الليل المظلم
فرح السعدين الاكتمار
بعون الله العزيز الغفور
وباس السلطان المشهور
في اقاليم سيول الفتح افاضوا
فعمروها واركان الدين شيدوا
اذروا الارض بالايمان
وعمروها بالعدل والاحسان
الملك كان يرجع قوم الي قوله
ولا البريتني يعدل عن راية
حسن قرر ناموس البيعة
وجليل جاهة وحرمة
ايامننا مشهورة في عودنا
الا اقبلينا غلاما سيدا فينا
ان الجمال معان ومناقب اورثن مجدنا
وانت الذي ولدتك امك باكيا
والناس حولك يصحكون سرورا
ليهنك في المكارم والمعالي
كمال علم القمر الكمال
فاتن اجل من عين تهنأ
بعونة فهنيئت الجلال

R. Browne D. D.

of Hertford College,

Lord Almoner's Professor of Arabic.

G R A T U L A T I O

FROM heaven again the roll descends : the fates
 A royal birth prognosticate ; a prince
 To his celestial, kindred beings shewn,
 Our promis'd blessing ; of our pristin worth
 The grand restorer ; emulous of all
 His worthiest ancestry ; for greatest acts,
 And noblest virtues fam'd. See ! into life
 He rises ; on whose shoulders graceful rests
 The weight of empire ; with presages great
 To patriot monarchs ; on whose awful crest
 Sternest defiance frowns, with trophies won,
 Unfading wreaths of regal grandeur, gifts
 Of grateful subjects, round him. Emblem chief
 His awful brow the goodliest diadem binds ;
 Whence, as from Hesperus, or Iris, shoot
 Those rays, which speak him delegate of heaven.

O ! with what joy the parent mind expands,
 Seeing those principles, her care instill'd,
 Youth's promised blossoms of the future man,
 So soon matured, the love of every age !
 He every grace paternal shall adorn ;
 He shall Iberia's haughty power subdue,
 And Gallia to Britannia's conquest join.
 He shall be great : new spirit give to laws ;
 To all, fresh courage ; and to Britons — (more
 What can the muse presage ?) much wealth, much peace.

Another Oudenarde, or Minden, shew
 His country's prowess, in his own. Again,
 Poitiers, or Agencourt, or Cressy's fields
 Shall shew the Briton. Nor politer arts
 Tho' 'midst the din, and tumult of his war,
 Shall he forget. Lo ! Architecture rears
 Her arch triumphal, where are seen emboss'd
 The British worthies, with the Brunswic line,
 In arms tremendous ; death-denouncing forms

To

UNIV. OXONIENSIS.

To Britain's foes ; while every patriot Muse
 Blows the loud trump of fame ; and heroes rise
 Again to life, immortalized in song.
 Nature again her gayest livery wears,
 Bearing her full-blown honours on her head,
 Wond'ring at beauties, made her own ; she looks
 Defiance at the threat'ning scythe of time.
 While, as from flood-gates issuing rush the waves,
 Forth pours her sons of thunder every port :
 From every land the lusty sailor hastes
 His tributary store to bring ; the land
 Seems rushing into sea ; each wave, a wood,
 New cities rise : and lo ! th' historic page
 In deathless characters, to life recalls
 Chiefs only known in song ; and pointing, cries
 " This is the way to fame : be these your arts,
 Dissension banish, banish party zeal,
 Banish corruption, every heart be free.
 Britons, be brave ; nor let one gloomy cloud,
 One melancholy thought your prospect veil,
 Or hopes diminish : nor enflame zeal,
 Nor wild ambition, what the fates ordain,
 Your happiness retain : what once your fires
 With their best blood have purchased, sacred trust !
 Your rights retain : be happy and be free.
 Still shall the British flag, o'er every sea,
 Sail, terror-striking wonder ; while our arms
 Proclaim new liberty to every land.
 From Ganges eastward, to the farthest point,
 Where Phœbus sinks into his Thetis' lap,
 His gentle sway the swarthy savage owns ;
 Such the dominion which politer arts
 Hold over brutal force. From thence revive
 Our envied liberties : another face
 Shall nature wear, and Eden's blissful bowers
 Be found, where GEORGE, with gracious CHARLOTTE, reigns."

G R A T U L A T I O

Lo! where the genius of Britannia smiles,
 Seeing her state by great achievements rais'd,
 Back flung full many a year, in strength renew'd,
 Thro' antient virtue rouz'd; a chief each son.
 Hail to Britannia, hail! he cries, thy bliss
 Thy universal sway begins: no more
 Shall vile Corruption rear her harlot front,
 Nor Anarchy bear rule: nor more shall law
 Beneath injustice crouch, nor atheism vaunt
 O'er fair religion: nor shall virtue more,
 Enwrap'd in filth, to foul oppression stoop.
 Far hence hypocrisy with holy leer;
 Hence superstition clad in wisdom's garb;
 Hence canting bigotry, designing craft,
 Of patriotism, of religion much
 Insinuating bland with meaning vile.
 Freedom with innocence, with virtue truth,
 Will hand in hand, in mutual interest join'd,
 Lead up the years with Britain's welfare blest'd;
 Since GEORGE triumphant rules a willing world;
 And gracious CHARLOTTE smiles it into peace.

James Fortescue, D.D.

Fellow of Exeter College.

JAmque dies aderat, carum quem semper habebunt,
 Semper honoratum, quibus est pulcherrima rerum
 Libertas cordi, et patrii, pia cura, penates:
 Lætus ad arrectas cùm nuncius attulit aures,
 Accessisse novum sceptro columenque decusque
 Angliaco; — saluum cæli venisse sub auras
 GEORGIOLUM, augusti magnum patris incrementum.
 Ingens hinc subito plausus per rura, per urbes,
 Et populi concentus, Io genialia ferte
 Pocula, et intextis postes redimite corollis:

Garrula

U N I V. O X O N I E N S I S.

Garrula multifonos fundit dum tibia cantus ;
 Et flammæ artifices passim per compita, nati
 GEORGIOLI sublime ferunt ad fidera nomen.
 Ingeminant plaufum refonantia littora longè;
 Et læto convexa poli clamore refultant.
 Tum demùm feffo nox circumfufa filentes
 Adduxit tenebras, mollique papaveris ictu
 Tempora contingens, placida hæc mihi fomnia finxit.

Ecce mihi ante oculos antiqua palatia regum,
 Atque altæ patuère fores, ubi regia proles
 Purpureis fuffulta toris recubabat et auro;
 Mille fatellitibus circum ftipata fupràque
 Aligeris, folitis mortales fallere vifus,
 Dum facro invigilant thalamo, requiemque miniftrant.
 (Quippe pii regis fuperis funt omnia curæ!)
 Tum verò cunis fubmiſſè accedere viſi
 Patrefque, procereſque, et non ignobile vulgus,
 Et fimilem agnoſcunt ſobolem, gaudentque tueri.
 Ante alios veneranda viri ſe forma ferebat,
 Annis maturi atque animis, et culmine mitræ
 Conſpiciui, meritis tantùm famâque minoris :
 Qui puerum gremio exceptum dum fiſtit ad aras
 Fonte lavaturus facro, pia lumina cælo
 Attollit tacitè venerans; dein talia fatur.

“Salvete egregii, atque iterùm ſalvete parentes,
 Heroum fanguis veterum, heroasque futuros
 Polliciti, et claros veſtro de fanguine reges !
 Magna quidem, ſed vera, loqui mihi corda laborant
 Plena deo; nec me divina oracula fallunt.
 En ille, auſpiciis natus felicibus, infans
 Aurea pacatis promittit ſecula terris.
 Illum cœleſtis ducet ſapientia nutrix,
 Inſpirans patriæ magnum et pietatis amorem :
 Et fidæ comites, quoquò veſtigia vertit,
 Æquatis Amor et Reverentia paſſibus ibunt :
 Ut ſceptro aſſurgat, tantæ (ſed ſera ſit, oro,

G R A T U L A T I O

Sera fit illa dies !) dignus qui pondera molis
 Sustineat, patriisque regat virtutibus orbem :
 Scilicet inviolata sciens sua jura Britannis,
 Et decus imperii majestatemque tueri.
 Jam nunc incipiunt procedere lætiùs anni.
 Te nascente, puer, placidum Pax aurea vultum
 Ostendit, cunisque parat prætexere olivam.
 Jam nunc immites coeunt in fœdera gentes,
 Fœdera, quæ feri memorent cum laude nepotes !
 Submittit sese totum devicta per orbem
 Gallia ; et insanos mox ponet Iberia fastus.
 Otia quisque suâ tutus sub vite colonus,
 Tutum iter extremos peraget mercator ad Indos,
 Et patrio omnigenas mutabit vellere merces.
 Interea latè diffusa scientia veri
 Indorum cæcas solvet caligine mentes :
 Christi pura fides nova spargens lumina terris,
 Quas sol mane novo, sero quas vespere visit,
 Et studiis docti ingenuis mitescere mores
 Sacra Deo gemini facient commercia mundi.”
 Audiit, atque novis lætata Britannia seclis
 Turrigeri canos capitis concussit honores,
 Jussitque Ificolas hæc dicta edificere Musas.

Guilielmus Hasledine, S. T. P.
 Coll. Magd. Soc.

NON, licet ille prior movit qui injurius arma,
 Cladibus assiduus jam toto viribus impar
 Cesserit oceano Gallus, seroque secuti
 Reliquias damnent belli infelicis Iberi,
 Aut urbes bello captæ, stratave secundo
 Marte acies, nimioque aspersæ sanguine laurus,
 Unica materies, vel sunt gratissima musæ.
 Te, Dea, virtutem famâ donare perenni
 Sæpe juvat, quam longa ætas caligine multâ

Obruerat ;

UNIV. OXONIENSIS.

Obruerat ; ventura patent tibi secula laudis.
 Huc ades ; Ænean feros quæ fata nepotes
 Restabant, Phœbi edocuit Cumæa sacerdos —
 Et dum festa dies, votivaque carmina gratos
 Exercent, iustas præsens in carmina vires
 Sufficias, pandasque ævi venientis honores.
 Nam neque cum sceptris successit Cæsar avitis,
 Res inter trepidas, duce te, Rhedycina filebat
 Imperii fines prolatos, et fore tandem
 Ut placidæ victor sanciret fœdera pacis.
 Tu quoque CHARLOTTAM cum regia puppis ab Albi
 Adveheret, reduci repetens sua littora cursu,
 Rite aderas : interque choros Hymenæa sonantes,
 Præscia vox cecinit factam de virgine matrem :
 Non vano augurio. Susceptum age perfice munus,
 Et qua primitias fausti pia turba tuorum
 Concelebrat thalami, fatorum arcana reclude,
 Læta tamen, lætoque deûm pater omine firmet.

Ellis Jones, A. M.

Ædis Christi Alumnus,

Academiæ Procurator Senior.

O ! qui, beatissimis auspiciis, finu
 Nutricis almæ blandulus infides,
 Prædulcis Infans, quem paternis,
 Quem Patriæ tribuere votis
 Non invidentes Dî, Tibi præscius
 Affurgit ordo, verbaque, cœlitus
 Audita dudum, nunc fidei
 Gestit amans iterare plectro :
 “ Vos, destinati, currite lucido
 “ Tenore, menses ; nascere, nascere,
 “ Optate Princeps, in nepotum
 “ Lætitiâ, opprobriumque gentis

G R A T U L A T I O

- " Hostilis ! Ardet quanta fidelium
 " Cohors Britannûm gaudia prodere,
 " Ortumque felicem paratur
 " Tergemino celebrare plausu !
 " At Te decoram progeniem Patris
 " Cui cor verendi Numinis intimum
 " Amore flagrat, Te tenellæ
 " Expediet per acuta vitæ
 " Cœlestis ultrò dux ; Tibi lectulum
 " Sternet, saluti prospiciens tuæ ;
 " Suavesque præstabit jacenti
 " Et faciles sine fraude fomnos.
 " At quis novellum moribus excolet
 " Pectus ? quis almæ femina providus
 " Virtutis indet, nascituram
 " Quisve manu segetem fovebit ?
 " En ! quo GEORGÎ dextra peritior
 " Ducet, sequeris ; Dî Tibi regium
 " Præbent magistrum, quo tenellam
 " Non melior pietate mentem
 " Informet : artes mille reconditas
 " Tradet placendi, doctus amabili
 " Nexu volentûm arcere corda,
 " Et veteres abolere rixas ;
 " Doctus superbos fortiter impetus
 " Frænare Galli ; nec tibi, Cantaber,
 " Minoris instat vis procellæ,
 " Aufe sacrum temerare fœdus.
 " Virtutis et Tu sedulus audies
 " Cultor paternæ, præsidium et decus
 " Crescentis ævi ; ipso docente,
 " Pacis eris mediusque belli."

Ricardus Scrope, A. M.

Coll. Magd. Socius,

Academiæ Procurator Junior.

UNIV. OXONIENSIS.

HAIL, royal babe, on whose auspicious birth
 Ceases the wild uproar of warring states!
 Oh! may fair Peace (so prays
 Each British heart) attend
 Thy future reign! Let others, with the lust
 Of mad ambition stung, o'er ravag'd wastes
 Rule with tyrannic sway,
 Joying to crush their necks,
 With slavery's galling yoke, whom heaven's high king
 Created free. Be thine with nobler aim
 To rear the drooping head
 Of Science, and protect
 The muse's peaceful bow'r; wide thro' thy realm
 To spread the gifts of plenty, and fix firm
 Thine, and thy nation's weal,
 On pure religion's base!
 Proof 'gainst the sudden shock of adverse fate,
 Fear not what man can do. But should the foe
 By thy victorious fire
 Now crush'd, again uprear
 His crest audacious, may thine arms, tho' slow
 T' unsheath the vengeful blade, thro' the base host
 Scatter dismay; may soon
 The 'broider'd band of slaves
 Retiring shrink, as from the winnowing fan
 Flies the light chaff wide scatter'd, from the steel
 By Albion's free-born sons
 Urg'd home; and rue the hour
 That e'er they rous'd to wrath his patient spirit
 Beneath whose warlike ancestors so oft
 Vanquish'd they groan'd. Nor doubts
 The Muse prophetic: ne'er
 From the fierce lion sprung the tender race
 Of timorous lambs; nor berries crude deform
 The luscious fig, nor vine
 With purple clusters grac'd.

Richard Raynsford, Comm. Univ. Coll.

GRATULATIO

Carmen Syriacum.

ܕܠܡܢܬܐ ܕܡܢܬܐ ܕܡܢܬܐ
ܡܢܬܐ ܕܡܢܬܐ ܕܡܢܬܐ
ܡܢܬܐ ܕܡܢܬܐ ܕܡܢܬܐ
ܡܢܬܐ ܕܡܢܬܐ ܕܡܢܬܐ

ܕܠܡܢܬܐ ܕܡܢܬܐ ܕܡܢܬܐ
ܡܢܬܐ ܕܡܢܬܐ ܕܡܢܬܐ
ܡܢܬܐ ܕܡܢܬܐ ܕܡܢܬܐ
ܡܢܬܐ ܕܡܢܬܐ ܕܡܢܬܐ

ܕܠܡܢܬܐ ܕܡܢܬܐ ܕܡܢܬܐ
ܡܢܬܐ ܕܡܢܬܐ ܕܡܢܬܐ
ܡܢܬܐ ܕܡܢܬܐ ܕܡܢܬܐ
ܡܢܬܐ ܕܡܢܬܐ ܕܡܢܬܐ

ܕܠܡܢܬܐ ܕܡܢܬܐ ܕܡܢܬܐ
ܡܢܬܐ ܕܡܢܬܐ ܕܡܢܬܐ
ܡܢܬܐ ܕܡܢܬܐ ܕܡܢܬܐ
ܡܢܬܐ ܕܡܢܬܐ ܕܡܢܬܐ

Joannes Swinton, S. T. B.
ex Æde Christi.

UNIV. OXONIENSIS.

Carmen Syriaco-Palmyrenum,
priscis literis in marmore Oxoniensi incisum
exaratum.

עֲלֵיכֶם צִתְּאֵי עֲלֵיכֶם
צִתְּאֵי עֲלֵיכֶם צִתְּאֵי
צִתְּאֵי עֲלֵיכֶם צִתְּאֵי
צִתְּאֵי עֲלֵיכֶם צִתְּאֵי

צִתְּאֵי עֲלֵיכֶם צִתְּאֵי
צִתְּאֵי עֲלֵיכֶם צִתְּאֵי
צִתְּאֵי עֲלֵיכֶם צִתְּאֵי
צִתְּאֵי עֲלֵיכֶם צִתְּאֵי

צִתְּאֵי עֲלֵיכֶם צִתְּאֵי
צִתְּאֵי עֲלֵיכֶם צִתְּאֵי
צִתְּאֵי עֲלֵיכֶם צִתְּאֵי
צִתְּאֵי עֲלֵיכֶם צִתְּאֵי

צִתְּאֵי עֲלֵיכֶם צִתְּאֵי
צִתְּאֵי עֲלֵיכֶם צִתְּאֵי
צִתְּאֵי עֲלֵיכֶם צִתְּאֵי
צִתְּאֵי עֲלֵיכֶם צִתְּאֵי

GRATULATIO

AD PRINCIPEM.

DOnante cœlo, multa recepinus
Parum merentes; nulla tamen tibi,
Alumne, certent, Anglicano
Altera spes, honor alter orbi.

Quæ digna poscam forte tuâ? quibus
Plausus adæquem Brutigenum modis?
Satelles æqui, nec vacillans
Sis patriæ columen, precamur.

Premas parentis laude pari viam,
Sic æqua merces non tibi deerit,
Et proximi, ut præsentis ille,
Gloria eris, decus atque secli.

Nec, cum reposcet Parca malignior
Patrem, secundus destitues Tuos,
Virtute qui instaures hiantem,
Et repares simili, ruinam.

Erasmus King,

Coll. Pemb. Commens.

S Alve dives opum, studiisque asperrima belli
 Heroum genetrix fecunda, Britannia, fluctus
 Quæ medios inter, candentibus ardua faxis
 Oceani regina nites! Tibi munera mittit
 Afer, et auriferas Thamesina in flumina Ganges
 Volvit aquas; Canada extremi Laurentis ad undas
 Te colit, immensos tibi pandit America fines,
 Et cedit pulsus in jura Britannica Gallis.
 Territa te, classemque tuam, Cuba sensit; Havannâ
 Exutum, serò violatæ pacis Iberum
 Pœnituit; rebus te Lusitanus egenis
 Respicit, et Britonum fretus socialibus armis,
 Quà vetus irriguo Cattos lavat amne Visurgis,
 Marte gravi populata diu ferit arva colonus.

At licet armorum rabies vexaverit orbem,
 Hic lætæ intereà ramos prætendit olivæ
 Aurea Pax, plenasque per arva per oppida passim
 Spargit opes; non ulla canit præludia pugnæ
 Buccina, Pieriosve audet violare recessus.
 GEORGIUS ipse manu rerum moderatus habenas,
 Et regis fidus populique tuetur honorem
 Arbiter; ille etiam belli sedare furores
 Pacis amans, victorque suos finire triumphos
 Aggreditur: neque enim famæ tam dira cupido
 Illum agit, ut gemitus immotâ mente cadentum
 Audiat, aut nunquam lachrymis miserescat honestis
 Millia quot sylvas inter vastasque paludes
 Corpora fusa jacent, fluitantve inhumata per undas.

Hos inter populi valuerunt vota triumphos,
 Magne pater patriæ! dulci tua pectora flammâ
 Tangit purus amor; regni tibi digna labores
 Sponsa levat: castique ferens jam pignora læti,
 Connubium felix sanxit, lætosque hymenæos.

GRATULATIO

Ergo ingens resonat festiva per oppida clamor,
Plaususque ingeminant cives ; te sæpe parentem
Læta vocat, prolemque tuam, Rex magne, salutat
Patria ; quæque tuis felix te principe sensit
Auspiciis bona, venturos præsumit in annos.

O ! siquid Britonum valeant pia vota tuorum,
Hos tibi sæpe novet plausus, facilisque dolores
Sæpe levet Lucina tuos ; solennia vates
Vota pii, CAROLETTA, ferant ; dum providus olim
Det pueris exempla pater, primisque sub annis
Ipse sibi similem prolem virtutibus ornans,
Imperii varios doceat perferre labores.

Tuque adeo, venerande puer, quem debita quondam
Regna manent, felix crescas, magnique parentis
Facta tuens, memorique agitans sub pectore laudes,
Succedas folio, et populo des jura volenti.
Te placidi fasces, permistaque laurus olivâ
Expectant ; neque enim bello vexatus et armis
Accipies diadema : tuus pater ille tumultus
Compescet latè victor, sceptrique molestum
Sternet iter ; tibi regna suis stabilita triumphis
Concedet, passimque novo dominarier orbi.

Georgius Talbot Hatley Foote,

Aulæ B. M. V.

Sup. Ord. Commens.

THose votive strains, O Isis, that but now
 Along thy haunted verge melodious breath'd
 To the sweet stop of quill, or chorded shell,
 Or pastoral reed by many a muse inspir'd,
 Were not in vain. O now again from grot
 Or leafy glade, where'er they use, thy train
 Summon aloud, an hundred virgin forms
 That tend thy beck, to hail in mystic dance,
 And high-enraptur'd song, th' auspicious day,
 That glad occasion gives, and crowns their hope.
 And O may such blest magic hang upon
 The puissant sound, as, after that rude rout
 Subdued of Earth's proud sons presumptuous, when
 Unshorn Apollo touch'd the golden wire
 Amidst enthroned gods, and instant peace
 Renew'd thro'out the courts of Jove; that e'en
 Stern Mars was ta'en, and from his nerveless arm
 Down dropt the fated lance. — And now enough
 Hath rag'd, among th' affrighted seats of men
 Dealing fell havoc; from the frozen North,
 Where inbred tumults shake the throne, to where
 Beneath solstitial heat in torrent climes,
 Britain's intrepid sons for GEORGE'S brow
 Win glorious laurels; such as never yet
 The gazed temples bound of hero fam'd
 Or demi-god, thro' shouting multitudes
 In triumph drawn. Fond minds, that sought true praise
 By conquests and tyrannic sway t' attain,
 And seats of war, all insufficient found:
 Witness those woman drops, that stain'd the cheeks
 Of Philip's flatter'd son, when nought remain'd
 To conquer still. But as yon royal tow'r's
 Thou passest, long the seat of mightiest kings,
 O Isis, stay thy lucent wave, and mark

G R A T U L A T I O

Our greater Hero. He, with other thoughts
 Than to oppress mankind, from the loud din
 Of popular breath with his resounded name
 Rending the clamor'd air, alone retir'd,
 The last dear pledge of heaven's high favour shewn
 Still smiling in his fond embrace bespeaks :
 " What mean those smiles expressive, as from thoughts
 Well-pleas'd, and conscious happiness? Is it
 That nature premature thro' thy young sense
 Hath let in reason's dawn, and shewn thee what
 Thou art, the gaudy picture all display'd,
 Riches, and realms, and gallant trophies won,
 Hereditary thine? Yet sure not so;
 For then thy scatter'd spirits would again
 Dissolve for pity of those precious drops
 That smear these laurels. No, my little one,
 Should heav'n with soft'ring care thy tender age
 Confirm, and deign to bless my fixt resolve,
 I'll peaceful trophies raise, far more renown'd
 Than aught that poets sing, or story feigns,
 By hero or advent'rous knight achiev'd
 In brunt of battle'; and milder victories
 Transmit at length to thy well-tutor'd hand.
 So shalt thou sway for many a happy year
 This fairest isle, the seat of liberty,
 In undisturbed peace, thyself at once
 The praise, the love, the wonder of mankind."

Lewis Bagot, B. A.

Son of Sir *Walter Bagot* Bart.

Student of Christ Church.

UNIV. OXONIENSIS.

ODE TO ENVY.

WITH insult rude to mock at woe,
Is devious far from virtue's line;
But thou to all mankind art foe,
And, pale-eyed Envy, I am thine.
From thy dreary dismal cell,
Where the sister Furies dwell;
Jealousy with Eye ascant,
Rancorous Malice lean and gaunt,
And Scandal, that at Merit shakes
Her scorpion whip of wreathed snakes;

O come, and see to Britain given
A Prince, the People's warm delight;
A Prince, the favour'd care of heaven,
O see, and sicken at the sight:
A Comfort form'd his joys to share,
To soften every regal care,
In whose manners, in whose mind
Not thy hundred Eyes can find
Where thy venom'd tooth may bite;
O see, and sicken at the sight.

Pledge of their loves, celestial grant,
See there the royal Infant rest;
Whose opening Virtues soon shall plant
A thousand daggers in thy breast:
With precepts, drawn from Virtue's page,
To form the scion's ductile age,
What pleasing task! their parent-aim
Repaid with all their hopes can frame,
To them what heaven of joy to see!
And, Envy, what a hell to Thee!

G R A T U L A T I O

No more of war, no more of arms,
 Thy pastime, Envy, soon shall cease;
 For hark! the natal pæan charms
 The listening jarring world to peace.
 Oft as shall the circling fun
 Round the spangled zodiac run,
 This fair shoot each circling year
 Shall some new growth of merit bear;
 Muses shall hymn his natal day,
 And sickening Envy dye away.

Joseph Gunning A. B.
 Scholar of C. C. C.

Beneath yon lofty mountain's shaggy brow,
 Where oft the hoary bard his magic lyre
 Attun'd to lore mysterious, and the vow
 To heav'n perform'd, enrob'd in white attire,
 Musing I stray'd, while big with thought my mind
 Revolving on these scenes of uncooth hue,
 To deeds of antique date rov'd unconfin'd,
 While each rude hero rose again to view.
 Lo! gently stooping from his airy flight
 A form advanced, whose majestic pace
 And aspect fair, with heav'nly radiance bright,
 Spoke him the kindly Genius of the place.
 "All hail, my son, he said; the joyful tale
 "I bring will gladden happy Cambria's ear,
 "Know, a long-wish'd-for blessing I reveal,
 "To Her the tidings of a Prince I bear.
 "Great as his birth, from an illustrious line
 "Descended for heroic worth renown'd,
 "With equal splendor shall his virtues shine,
 "With equal honours his exploits be crown'd.

"Her

U N I V. O X O N I E N S I S.

“ Her sacred annals ever will unfold
“ In fairest characters great Edward’s name,
“ His glorious actions wondring you behold,
“ And hear with rapture his transcendent fame.
“ Yet in these dregs of time has Heav’n design’d
“ For Her another fav’rite chief to raise,
“ Commission’d Hence he comes to bless mankind,
“ And make a grateful world resound his praise.
“ Ere long the tyrant foe, whose wasteful world
“ Has ravag’d uncontroul’d the nations round,
“ Sore griev’d shall see fair Liberty restor’d,
“ Himself inglorious in her shackles bound.
“ High mounted on Ambition’s restless steed
“ See the proud Gaul o’er ev’ry barrier fly,
“ In ev’ry quarter sow contention’s seed,
“ And by his wiles perfidious thousands die.
“ See too Iberia rear her guilty head,
“ Her ghastly visage smear’d with Indian gore;
“ By avarice spurr’d she wields her reeking blade,
“ And tho’ with carnage glutted, craves for more.
“ Ambition fell, curb’d by His pow’rful hand
“ Soon shall thy sons a juster scepter sway;
“ Oppression’s rod no more shall scourge the land,
“ But Peace with ray serene shall gild the day.
“ Haste then, my Cambria happy Cambria greet,
“ With these glad tidings animate her breast,
“ Her ear with sweetest accent they shall meet,
“ And each corroding care soft lull to rest.
The joyful summons chearful I obey,
With willing strains each winding valley fill,
While harps symphonious joyn the tuneful lay,
And harmony surrounds each vocal hill.
Along the plain they lead the mazy dance,
With nimble foot the shepherds beat the ground,
Exulting crouds with mirth and song advance,
And Snowden echoes back the sprightly sound.

Thomas Horne M. A. Scholar of Trin. Coll.

G R A T U L A T I O

JAM, Superi, Britonum cumulâstis vota, neque ultra
 Poscimus: En! nova progenies descendit Olympo
 Regia, cui veniens ætas parebit; et Angli
 Accipiunt læto fausti clamore triumphii.

I levis, aërio cursu pete Gallica, Rumor,
 Littora, et ingentem miseris immitte timorem.
 Tempus enim tandem adveniet, cum fœdera pacis
 Diffilient, frustra coeuntia: novimus artes
 Gallorum; et quæ sit sanctis fiducia pactis
 Debita, præteriti docet experientia sec'li.
 At caveant: audax animi, patrioque vigore
 Ardescens, Britonas stimulat ad arma, superbumque
 Hispanum, et Gallum malefidum vincet, et Indos
 Dux novus extremos pugnae terrore domabit.
 Nam quoties Heros bellum stragemque ciebit,
 Constituet toties clari monumenta tropæi
 Victor, et ingentes prædas ex hoste reducet.

Ast armis belloque licet præclara nitescet
 Angliaci hæredis solii imperterrita virtus;
 Ille tamen, pacis studiosior, ostia Jani,
 Quandocunque salus patriæ finet, ærea claudet.
 Absit enim ut furias Pellæi regis, et acrem
 Graffandi passim sine lege imitetur amorem.
 Absit ut idcirco regem se credat, ut orbi
 Inferat exitium bello, spargatque ruinam
 Quacunq; auspicium faciet vitiosa libido.

Non tales regale olim moderamen in usus
 Instituit genus humanum, dominique potentis
 Sponte jugum subiit: sed legum claustra tyrannis
 Opposuit, tutam exoptans Sapiëntia plebem,
 Communique volens regem inservire salutis.

Proh cæcas hominum mentes! circumspice cunctas
 Terræ oras; passim regnandi dira cupido
 Omnia perrupit legum retinacula; passim
 Jura silent spreta, et stat pro ratione voluntas.

At

U N I V. O X O N I E N S I S.

At tu, terrarum fortunatissima, falve,
Anglia; te cunctis Libertas prætulit alma
Sedibus; hîc templum fixit, propriamque dicavit
Tellurem: æternos hîc inviolata per annos
Usque manens, beet extremos infame nepotes
Servitium exofos, donec millefimus Anglis
GEORGIUS imperitans folio confidat avito,
Felicemque regat patriis virtutibus orbem.

Joannes Raymond

Coll. Exon. Sup. Ord. Comm.

I. 1.

THE fading gleam of parting day
Forfakes the western sky,
Now shines Diana's chaster ray
With virgin majesty;
Her face with milder glory bright
Pales o'er the dusky shades of night,
And brings the varied scene to view:
The glassy lake, the bubbling stream,
Again reflect the borrow'd beam,
And take the silver hue.

I. 2.

From the deep shade of yonder trees
The screaming night-birds call,
While floats in Zephyr's balmy breeze
The distant water-fall;
Sad Philomela's warbling throat
Pours forth the sweetly-mournful note,
And charms the lay-refounding grove,
Where, trembling at the gentle gale,
The bending fir, and poplar pale,
In rushing murmurs move.

M

What

GRATULATION

I. 3.

What joyful sounds arise ! —
These strains of rural music sink,
And shrill-ton'd clarions rend the skies,
The air a voice of triumph cheers —
Behold, an awful form appears
On Cherwell's sedgey brink !
His azure length of robe behind
Loofely wantons in the wind,
Glowing like the vernal morning
Beams benign his eye-balls shed,
Ceres' wealth his brows adorning
Shades his venerable head.
Say, heav'nly Vision, what these notes portend ;
Sits white-wing'd Vict'ry on Britannia's arms ?
Does proud Iberia to our legions bend,
Or flies the Gaul at Granby's dread alarms,
Or stalks on India's sun-burnt plains afar
The force of Conflict keen, and giant rage of War ?

II. 1.

' Far hence, he cried, the tumult's roar
' To distant climes shall fly,
' Mirth revels now on Albion's shore,
' And blithe Festivity.
' Ye Muses, twine each fragrant flower
' To crown with roscate braids the hour
' Which gave to GEORGE a blooming Heir ;
' Ye guardians of this favour'd isle,
' With graceful pleasure kindly smile,
' Ye Nymphs your wreaths prepare.

' Come

U N I V. O X O N I E N S I S.

II. 2.

‘Come happy babe! delight the lands
‘Which time shall make thy own;
‘Come happy babe! whom Heav’n commands
‘To fill a future throne.
‘And when the sacred lore of truth
‘Shall gently form thy ripening youth,
‘May ev’ry grateful Briton find
‘The soul of GEORGE’S godlike race,
‘With lovely CHARLOTTE’S softer grace,
‘Attemper’d in thy mind.

II. 3.

‘For thee on Afric’s burning coast
‘Aloft the British ensign waves;
‘For thee by rattling tempests tost
‘Their navies awe the Gallic pride,
‘On every realm, whose hostile side
‘The boundless ocean laves; —
‘With nobler skill and fiercer fire
‘Strike the rapture-breathing lyre!
‘Hark! — on Cambria’s cloud-topt mountains
‘Music winds her streams along:
‘As they flow, the crystal fountains
‘Listen to the jocund song!
‘Lo! glorious shades and halcyon days appear
‘Fair as the Morn in saffron mantle dight, —
‘But sounds divine ill suit the human ear,
‘And fleeting visions mock the mortal sight.’
He said: and rushing from my wond’ring eyes,
On rapid light’ning borne, he fought his native skies.

Henry James Pye

Gent. Comm. of Magd. Coll.

GRATULATIO

AD REGEM.

AUDIN' ? impulsis fidibus canoræ
Ifidis circum sonuere ripæ :
Nostra torpescet lyra sub silenti
Ilicis umbrâ ?

Gaudet optatam celebrare prolem,
Phœbe, Parnassi chorus omnis ; ipse
Aureo dulces simul excitasti
Pectine nervos :

Quin et Augusti sobolem Parentis
Concinit plectro ferus insolenti,
Qui bibit vates vaga fabulosi
Flumina Gangis.

Credimus gratum, Puer alme, tandem
Nuncium Pacis petiisse terras
Asperas bello, nimiamque longum
Cæde madentes.

Sic, Pater magne O Britonum, perenni
Laureâ cultos decores capillos,
Dexterâ tandem niteat virentis
Termes olivæ.

Interim solers Puero recludet
Pallas obscuros Sophiæ recessus :
Hinc ubi ingentes poterit parentum
Discere laudes,

Audiet Gallos acuisse ferrum,
Mox gravi fufos periisse clade ;
Audiet pugnas, reducisque lætos
Pacis honores.

Quam procellosis agitetur auris
Imperî sedes referas, GEORGI ;
Regios mores, validamque mentem ad
Ardua fingens.

Dumque

UNIV. OXONIENSIS.

Dumque servabit memor, in recessu
Pectoris, magni documenta patris,
Molliter dulci gremio monentis

Oscula figet,

Figet, et nectet tibi corda mater :

Gestiet tali veneranda partu :

Læta surgenti in titulos avorum

Patria plaudet.

Michael Byrne

Coll. Regin. Sup. Ord. Com.

ODE TO BRITAIN.

FAIR Queen of ocean-crowning isles !
Whose bright eye beams with glory's rays ;
To thee tho' Conquest lend her golden smiles,
Tho' green thy brow with recent bays ;
In all thy fons see martial ardour reign,
Each breast enkindling with tumultuous joy ;
And native fires dart fierce from ev'ry eye,
As swells the trumpet's animating strain.
Yet cease awhile our bosoms to inspire,
Ye clarions shrill, nor quell the Muse's lyre :
To Peace O give the milder hour,
And be the voice of thundering War suppressed ;
While Isis' sons their filial transports pour,
And join the heart-felt joy, that glows in ev'ry breast.

O Britain ! favour'd e'er by fate !

On distant glories turn thine eyes ;

The future guardian of thy envied state,

Behold another BRUNSWICK rise !

Wake the sweet chord to strains of manly mirth,

And be each heart with grateful raptures gay ;

Let Freedom's sons for ever hail the day,

N

That

G R A T U L A T I O 757

That smil'd indulgent on the princely birth :
Auspicious day ! that twice hath deign'd to shine
The harbinger of BRUNSWICK's honour'd line !

Oh ! may their patriot cares extend,
The firm support of Freedom's holy cause,
To farthest times ——— still zealous to defend
Britannia's sacred rights, and guard her injur'd laws.

For this we form the fervent pray'r :

“ May still the same propitious Pow'r,
“ O Albion ! ever shield thy infant heir,
“ That smil'd upon his natal hour !
“ May still, as time unfolds his tender thought,
“ His footsteps trace the mazy paths of Truth,
“ Still to his mind, the guardians of his youth,
“ In fair array be smiling Graces brought ;
“ Whose sacred charms, in early years impress'd,
“ Shall fix their lasting empire in his breast.”

So, Queen of ocean ! shalt thou find,
Distinguish'd high amidst the patriot train,
Another GEORGE with firm exalted mind !
With early virtues crown'd ——— but not an early reign.

Edmund Cartwright

Demy of Mag. College.

L A E T U S Britannis-ecce dies adest
Albo notandus ; progenies nova
Demissa cælo, ridet Infans,
Imperii columen futurum.
Salvete, matres Angliacæ ; bona
Lucina, salve, quotque puerperæ
Casto cubili præfidetis
Purpurei thalami ministræ.

Augustus

U N I V. O X O N I E N S I S.

Augustus alter, cælibis exprobrans
 Lectum impudicis, se facili jugo
 Submisit, exemplumque sanxit
 Conjugio stabilique amore.
 Nutrita cujus sub penetralibus
 Proles, aviti nominis æmula
 Pacisque justæ, fæderumque
 Arbitra, legitimique belli,
 Componet orbem; gentibus inferens
 Famam remotis, quâ medius liquor
 Secernit Europen ab Indis,
 Quâ tumidus rigat Albis arva.
 Potens vaganti fræna licentiæ
 Imponere, artes ingenuas simul
 Ornare cultu liberali,
 Et veterum revocare mores.
 Videre rursus jam videor fores
 Jani reclusas, jam videor fugæ
 Videre se dantes Iberos,
 Jam rapidum trepidare Gangem.
 Quo, Musa, tendis, temporis exitum
 Quærens futuri? Respice munera
 Præsentis horæ, CAROLETTÆ
 Nectæ piæ, pueroque flores.
 Caput recenti cingite regium
 Lauri, Camænæ; tollite honoribus
 Ad astra plenis, et triumpho
 Perpetui celebrate pompâ.
 Longas Britannis, Dux bone, ferias
 Præstes, tuorum deliciæ, Deos,
 Plaudente cælo, nocte serâ
 Poscimus, et redeunte Phæbo.

Guil. Goodenough A. B.
e Coll. Mert.

G R A T U L A T I O

HENCE gloomy Care be far away,
 Nor dare behold th' auspicious day
 That crowns Britannia's joy :
 Sweetly let the lyre be strung,
 Let rapture aid the willing tongue
 To sing the darling Boy.

"O spring to light!" Lucina cries,
 "Thy parents joy, thy people's prize,"
 And smiling left her care.
 Lo! Discord droops her fullen wings,
 And Peace her welcome olive brings
 To greet the lovely Heir.

How pleas'd does fancy wing her way,
 And hear Britannia sweetly say,
 "These scenes of bliss are mine!"
 O Babe, already can we see
 Proud Gallia conquer'd yield to thee,
 While every praise is thine.

For can the patriot breast despair,
 While GEORGE employs his faithful care,
 To form the tender child?
 While CHARLOTTE'S virtues bright shall dart
 Their cheering influence on the heart,
 Join'd with instruction mild?

Hence shall the youth (when, silver'd o'er
 With years, his parents late explore
 The glorious realms of rest,)
 By their example fir'd, command
 Heaven's and fair Freedom's fav'rite land,
 Belov'd, revered, and blest'd.

Jer. Roberts of Merton College.

UNIV. OXONIENSIS.

ERGO agite, O focii, piceas depellite nubes
 Tristitiæ, pariterque hilari date pectore plausus;
 Securi quid Gallus agit, quid Cantaber audet,
 Quas struit insidias, quas callidus apparat artes:
 Hæc cito vana dabit Britonum imperterrita virtus.
 En! ut semper ovans miles redit, hoste fugato,
 Dum manus exuvias gerit hæc, tenet altera laurum.
 En! sedet infelix prærupta Gallia rupe,
 Dumque suas naves quassas, dum littora gentis
 Aspicit infensæ, dum casus mente revolvit,
 Exhaustos loculos, longo commercia bello
 Interrupta, suos primævo in flore juventæ
 Excisos, lacerat vestes, pacemque peroptat.
 Crinibus en! etiam luget Germania passis
 Vastatas urbes, abductisque arva colonis.
 Nos vero interea felices aurea pacis
 Dona beant, nos grata procul discordibus armis
 Undique tranquillæ circumdant otia mentis.
 Dicite Io, pueri; non sola hæc fata tulerunt
 Gaudia, telluris non sola hæc gloria nostræ,
 Ultima nec venti rapuerunt vota Britannum.
 En etiam regi cælo demittitur alto
 Filius, invalido qui postquam dulce levamen
 Attulerit GEORGÏ senio, virtutibus olim
 Instructus patriis imponet jura Britannis.

Inclyta progenies, spes O carissima gentis,
 Salve! Te, votis quem sæpe vocavimus, omnes
 Suspiciamus patriæ columenque decusque futurum.
 Macte novâ virtute, Puer, sic grata redibunt
 Aurea sæc'la tuis, sic demum pace fruetur
 Æternâ populus; quis enim concurrere tecum
 Audebit, certæ et tentare pericula mortis?
 Te metuens Gallus supplex sua tela reponet,
 Cantaber et quæret conjungere fœdere dextram,
 Imperioque tuo lætabitur Indicus hostis.

G R A T U L A T I O

A GAIN Britannia's bards the festive lyre
 Attune to grateful melody, and hymn
 Their much-lov'd Monarch's offspring: thou meanwhile,
 Fair Infant, sleep'st unconscious, nor the song
 Ought heedst, or joyous shouts; of regal state,
 And scepter'd pow'r nought deeming, which crewhile
 Shall claim thy just attention: noblest test
 Of gen'rous mind, and spirits of choicer mould!
 For still on envied greatness shall await
 Hard trial, while full oft th' unbridled tongue
 Of rude licentiousness his ear assails;
 And oft when unsuspecting Virtue forms
 The meditated plan of public good,
 Infidious Malice wrests th' inverted deed
 To selfish purpose of base interest.
 But truce with these complaints; no time is now
 For such reflexion — happier omens wait
 Thy birth, auspicious Prince, while echoing shouts
 Proclaim Britannia's joy, and Victory twines
 Her glorious wreath around thy Father's brow.
 Nor ever let presumptuous thought arraign
 Th' Almighty Giver, who with hand benign
 Unnumber'd blessings on man's thankless race
 Scatters incessant: hence the tranquil mind,
 The home-felt joys, which Envy cannot reach,
 Baneful destroyer! well the statesman's toil
 O'erpaying, and the thousand anxious cares
 That tend the bed of wakeful Royalty.
 Nor lightly deem we of domestic bliss,
 And all the train of social charities
 Which Virtue still approves; but chiefly Thee,
 Source of secure delight, Connubial Love,
 I hail, Heav'n's last best gift, to him who erst
 In Eden's happy grove his Maker's praise

Hymn'd

UNIV. OXONIENSIS.

Hymn'd grateful, ere as yet the Tempter's guile
Had foil'd his native innocence, and wrought
Sin, with her comrade Death, to all mankind.
Yet from the nuptial tye and genial bed
Unnumber'd comforts flow, where love meets love
With mutual warmth: such GEORGE's happier lot
From CHARLOTTE's virtue: with endearing lore
She knows to cheat the loit'ring hours, and smooth
The wrinkled brow; nor fruitless is th' embrace
That Honour sanctifies and Heav'n approves.
Already to our pious pray'rs is sent
This smiling Infant, pledge of virtuous love.
O then, may He that in thy Mother's womb
Fashion'd thy tender frame, and wisely wrought
Th' harmonious texture, still with fostering care
Protect his work; and form thy op'ning mind
To thoughts of grateful love, and honour pure.
So shalt thou scorn Ambition's madding lore
Fatal to princes! and the charmed cup
Of fabled Circe, whose deceitful taste
Transform'd to groveling swine th' unwary train
Of wise Ulysses, skilful to resist
The proffer'd baits, and baffle all her arts.

Henry Courtenay

Student of Christ Church.

G R A T U L A T I O

UNdique dum resonant vici pæana canentes,
 Et face nocturnâ vicinia rustica fulget,
 En! Tibi prima, Puer, suscepit ludere versu
 Nostra, nec extimuit reges celebrare, Camæna.
 Tu fortes Britonum meliori conjicis urna,
 Te veniente, filet Mavors; en victa refugit
 Gens Hispana, gravi jamjam concussa ruina,
 Et timet horrendæ Britonum se credere pugna,
 Angligenûm vires experta: en fracta recedit
 Gallia, nec rursus nostras exasperat undas.
 Te veniente, redit Pax nobis candida, olivæ
 Prætendens ramum, capiti nectitque coronam:
 Ferrea mox etiam claudentur limina Jani.
 At tibi cum teneros artus firmaverit ætas,
 Et patris exempli studio candida finget
 Grande rudimentum generoso in pectore Virtus;
 Suaviter excerpes, quicquid gessere parentes
 Nobile, et assiduo crescet Tibi splendor ab usu.
 Sic populo affulgens, sublimia sidera tanges
 Vertice, dum fero sceptrum tua dextera gestat.
 Hinc quando evolves majorum facta, remotum
 Ad Gangem Angliacas laurus extendere disces,
 Victor et optatæ ramum immiscebis olivæ.
 Tum famam Alfredi captabis, nomen amatum
 Ificolis, gentisque olim tutela togatæ.
 Quam tibi gratari cupiet Rhedycina, GEORGÂ
 Inclyta progenies, dum sceptrum moribus ornes,
 Præsidioque tuo tutari sit tibi curæ
 Musarumque domos, sacras & Apollinis arces.
 Sic si forte annos proavi numeraveris, alter
 Cæsar eris, proles magni dignissima patris.
 Mox quando Parcæ perrumpent stamina vitæ
 Hectoris Angliacis, nobis dominabitur alter
 Aftyanax, decus Angligenis, et gloria sceptri.

Guilielmus Carolus Dyer

Aulæ S^{ci} Edmundi Commenfalis.

UNIV. OXONIENSIS.

TO THE KING.

Forgive, great Monarch, if a subject's tongue
Avow the anguish that his bosom stung,
When, at thy birth, the shouts were heard to rise
In peals of triumph to the echoing skies:
That day (yet let me bless th' all-ruling pow'r;
Whose influence gladden'd death's approaching hour;)
That day a Brother from my eyes remov'd,
A Brother, ever honour'd, ever lov'd.
New to Affliction's stroke, my youthful heart
Forgot in Britain's joy to bear its part,
While, deep within, it felt the pang severe,
And weeping parents claim'd the social tear.
Yet, could my soul thy future worth have known,
Some ray perchance amid the gloom had shone,
Chastis'd the sorrow that my mind possess'd,
And wak'd the patriot flame within my breast,
That prompts my lyre the tuneful task to share,
And yield its tribute to thine infant Heir.

Though wakeful nights, and days of lengthen'd pain,
Forbid me to extend th' attempted strain,
With joyous zeal I touch the sounding chord,
And hail the birth of Britain's future lord;
A birth, that, while the task by heav'n assign'd
To plant each virtue in his op'ning mind,
Shall thy paternal care, O GEORGE, engage,
Auspicious, to the next succeeding age
(Yet late may Britain's eyes the blessing see!)
Insures the promise of a King like Thee.

James Merrick M. A.
Fellow of Trinity College.

PAULLUM sollicitam liceat depellere curam
 Incertosque metus : Vos demum ignoscite, belli
 Quos clangor rapit ad cædes, ubi tela, ubi flammæ
 Funera dant, vastamque trahit Bellona ruinam,
 Si paullum lassi sequimur potiora, novosque
 Aptamus citharæ numeros, nam tristitia rumpit
 Festa dies, ridetque secundis Angliâ divis.
 Tuque etiam rerum qui fers onus, et grave sceptri
 Torques imperium, paullum tibi parce, labore
 Parce animum vexare pio, festamque sub horam
 Mitte severa sequi, et præbe levioribus aurem.
 Nam neque sat, quod læta tuæ victoria dextræ
 Diis largâ concessa manu, quacunque per orbem
 Martia diffusi vexerunt signa Britanni :
 Quin propiora tibi Dii concessere benigni ;
 Conjugii testor placidissima fœdera casti,
 Testor et hæc, animo solatia siqua paterno
 Causa recens tulit, atque hodierni gaudia festi :
 Dum pæana tibi pia patria, dum tibi cantus
 Tollit ovans, hilaresque instaurat grata choreas.

Annuat his cœli favor, atque hanc proroget horam ;
 Det tibi, chare Puer, quodcunque aut patrius ardor
 Aut castæ petiere preces, virtutibus ornet
 Illustri dignum genere, imperioque futuro.
 Interea teneros præsens tutarier annos
 Difficiles rerum fluctus, atque horrida tentet
 Arma Pater, repetatque secundo Marte triumphos.
 Ille, ætas simul ac patitur matura, docebit,
 Monstrabitque vias, quibus invida Gallia, et acres
 Incassum cecidere minæ, quibus utraque cessit
 India, perjurisque ultorem agnovit Iberus.
 Et dum tanta stupet belli miracula, sensim
 Concipies tenero ingenuam sub pectore flammam,
 Disces magna sequi, patriosque imitaberis ausus.

Abel Moysey,

Ædis Christi Alumnus.

UNIV. OXONIENSIS.

INFANS, deliciæ et decus tuorum,
 Sed nec spes populi minor Britanni,
 Dum cunis Rhedycina te jacentem
 Visura, in gremio nurûs reclinem
 Expleri nequii diu tuendo,
 Aiunt innocuo subinde rifu
 Et gentem exhilarâsse te togatam,
 Jucundoque tuos notâsse vultu,
 Et tali voluisse (sed loquendi
 Deerat copia) voce tum morari :
 "Salvete auspicio, viri, beato
 "Nostris sub penetralibus recepti,
 "Amantesque meî, mihiq̃ue amati :
 "Musarum ad placidas domos reversi
 "Regi hæc jussu renunciate vestro : —
 "Non hæc gratia funditus peribit
 "Quam tu, Phœbe, novemque quam forores
 "De nobis meruistis, et meretis :
 "Et me, numina, habebitis patronum.
 Hos, dilecte Puer, sonos per annos
 Proferre haud licuit tibi volenti,
 Sed mox, si bonus auguror, licebit.
 At donec dederit deus benignus
 Et sentire tibi, simulque fari
 Quicquid senseris, O Puella dulcis,
 Sis matri interea patrique felix
 Curarum medicina : dum vicissim
 Te versant hilares et osculantur,
 Te laudant, cupiunt, fovent parentes,
 Infans, deliciæ et decus tuorum !

Guil. Jones,
 Coll. Magd. Sup. Ord. Com.

G R A T U L A T I O

NO more let Britain's sons repining praise
Th' unfullicd lustre of her former days;
No more delight to tell, in boastful strain,
Of Edward's, Henry's, or Eliza's reign:
But wisely learn superior bliss to taste,
And to the present glories yield the past. —

Whilst here the godlike king, (his youthful mind
By wisdom's delegated train refin'd)
Exalted sits, to merit Albion's love,
Her arms advance, her laurel'd arts improve,
Behold at length domestic tumults cease,
At length rebellious faction hush'd to peace; —
Blest, early blest with royal offspring giv'n
To him and CHARLOTTE, fav'rite Pair of heav'n!

From thee, O king, our patriot chiefs presage
The bright example of the future age,
Whose son, when youth fresh-blooming shall display
His opening virtues to the face of day,
Shall, taught by thee, thro' life's perplexing road
Trace the same steps his fam'd forefathers trod,
Pursue the plan which dignifies a throne,
And with thy riper glories mix his own.

From thee Britannia hopes with ravish'd eyes
To see once more her race of heroes rise,
To see thy sons o'er freeborn men preside,
Protect their navies, and their senates guide;
Curb the vain insults of despotic pow'r,
And bid their vanquish'd foes rebell no more.

Lo! such the princes, that with conscious claim
Share the rich honours of immortal fame;
While India's painted chiefs with joy behold
That peace restor'd which form'd their age of gold;
And, where the fruitful groves of Chili bend,
Where Orellana's cataracts descend,
Chaunt in blythe songs their antient rights maintain'd,
The blissful years when GEORGE and CHARLOTTE reign'd.

J. Wilcocks, Portionist of Mert. Coll.

Στρυφν.

ΚΑΛΑ μὲν ἐν ναπαισιν Ἰταλίας
 Ουρανομήκης Αἰγίερος
 Κρατ' αἰζάλον ἐπαίρει·
 Ἀμφὶ δὲ ἅ ρόδοδακτύλος Ἀμπελῶ
 Βάλλε πολυπλάνης ὠλείας,
 Χειμερίων ἀνεμών τε
 Ἐχθίστον μένος ἔχει.
 Καλῶ τ' ἐν βασιλίδσιν, ἀνακτῶρ
 Βρετάνων, βλάσημα διοτρεφές,
 Τηλεθάς Νίκης ἐν αὐτῷ,
 Καὶ Δοξὰς νεοθηλεῶ ακμά·
 Ἄ δ' ἐπηρεάτοισι Χαρίτεσσιν
 Ἰμερρὸν γάλλισσα Νυμφα
 Ἀπὸς τὰν κατὰπαυει ἀέλλαν,
 Θυμοτρυφᾶν τε καὶ ταῖγδα λυπᾶς.
 Ω γάμοι πολυούχοι,
 Οἷον οἷη συνεδήσεν Ὑμνῶν.

Ἀντιστρυφν.

Ἐπεὶ δὲ Φοινικανθῆμα Εἰαεῶ
 Ὀμμα δέδυκε χεῦσαιυγῇ,
 Καὶ ποδὶ λυγρῷ ἀμείβει
 Χεῖμα δι' αἰθρῆ' ἀφίλον, ἀναλίον,
 Μαριαμῶμαν ἀέλλαν ὑπὸ
 Δαρσείον κατὰ δένδρῶν
 Αἰγιδὸν πολυῖαται.
 Ἄ δὲ χαλλιπαρῆῶ ἀκοίτης
 Θανατῷ συλλεκτῆῶ εἰαίρεται.

GRATULATIO

ΕἰαζηνΘ τ' ὥς ἐφθυγεν
 Της ζῶης πολυηρατὰ ακτίς,
 Ἀ μεγαγχερης Λαχεσις μολπή
 Δυσκελαδὰ ἢ ἥρωα κλαυσει·
 Χῶ μὲν νηλεοποιηΘ Αἰδης
 Δρεψεί μελισταγες Ἰμερὲ ἀνδρῶς.
 ΦρεδΘ οἷος ΛεηΘ,
 ΟἱΘ ἐσαμ Χαριτων αἰωτος.

Επώδη.

Ἀλλ' ἔ μὲν Ἐλπις ἀδύπειαι
 Βεῖακε φρεδδῶς· ἀλλὰ παλαιγενὲς
 Ριζὰς ἀπο βλασησεί γενΘ ὁμοθρονον
 Πατρωία θαλλον ἀδρῶσυνα
 Ματρωίῳ τε φαι.
 Οὐδὲ γ' ἤρωΘ κρεα φιλομαχόν,
 Οὐ Νυμφας φεγῶς ευτῖσει
 Λαθας μελαμβάθης οἶκος.
 Σε δὲ, παις οἰξιμοπατρε, Περονία
 Ορεῖ τηλεσκοπῶ οἰμαπ
 Εξκος μετὰ Βρετανων,
 Πατρωίων τε θρονων κυδῶς·
 Ορὰ τ' Ἡῆς αἰωτον,
 Ορὰ χαρπον οπωρας,
 Ορὰ τ' ἐν απογονοισιν
 Τῆς πατερας πανολείους.

Gail. Scott,
C. C. C. Discip.

Magnanimi Heroes, quos in discrimina lethi
Urget amor patriæ, virtutisque inclytus ardor,
Vos, quibus occiduo molitis littore fulmen
Primitias fert diva suæ Victoria laurûs,
Dicite vos (meministis enim) quæ, morte sub ipsâ,
Saucius, aspiciens stragemque fugamque suorum,
Effudit Ductor, nequicquam fortis, Iberûm. —

“Arma inimica valent; nostris ruit invida fatis,
“Cuncta domans, Genii vis imperiosa Britanni.
“Prostratas agnosco arces, agnosco fragorem
“Victoris; sed non fugientem hæc terra Velasum
“Conspiciet; dum te, Vexillum, imbellibus ulnis
“Amplector, prorumpet hianti e vulnere vita.
“Sic juvat occubuisse. Tuam sed desleo sortem,
“O Patria infelix, quæ primo in limine belli
“Laberis, atque ictu succumbis simplice victa.
“Quæ tibimet speranda salus? Habet hostis opimos
“Thesaurus; frustra gemit arcto navita portu
“Inclusus; fractis periisti, Hispania, nervis.
“O patria infelix, si verba precesque Velasci
“Semianimis valeant, pacem pete; porrige dextram
“Suppliciter: noli tactu stimulare leonem,
“Quem vindicta rapit, socio licet agmine lactet
“Gallia fessa malis, et spe producat inani.
“Pacem ora; auspiciis GEORGÎ concede secundis.
“Verum etiam (quid mens, nimis heu! præfaga, minaci
“Sollicitas specie miserum?) nunc GEORGIUS alter,
“Altera spes Britonum, Hispanorumque altera pestis,
“Nascitur: exultans centena per oppida plaudit
“Albion; audit repetitum conscia murmur,
“Atque imo trepidat Peruvia concita fundo.
“Qualis erit, quales nostrâ de gente triumphos
“Inclyta progenies referet, cum regius annis
“Venturis genitor confinget ad ardua regni,
“Ingenitum accendens dicto, exemploque, vigorem!

GRATULATIO

“Qualis crit, cui nascentis sunt omina famæ,
 “Fortunæque, et opes, et captæ nomen Havannæ!”
 Dixerat: aſt illi ſolvuntur membra. — Britanni
 Fatidicam accipiunt læto clamore loquelam.

Ricardus Lovell Edgeworth C. C. C. Sup. Ord. Commens.

FONTIUM nymphæ, nemorumque divæ,
Flectite huc gressum, properate Musæ,
Quærite O! spretis Heliconis undis
 Isidis umbras.

Æmula huc pubes citharas feratis,
GEORGII nomen celebrate læti,
GEORGII nomen recinat jocosa
Montis imago.

Jam redit Virgo, redeunt vetusti
Regna Saturni, Pietas Pudorque,
Et Fides ultro Britonas revifet,
Te duce, Cæſar.

Jam mari terrâque manus potentes
Gallus, Hispanusque timet superbus ;
Arma jam ponunt pavidî, et Britannûm
Fœdera poscunt.

Cara Tu pergas foboles decorum,
Quo vocat virtus, patriæque splendor,
Fidus exemplum proavi et parentis
Grande sequaris.

En ! tibi lauros studioſa laudis
Apparat Pallas, citharâ et volentes
Sufcitat Muſas, recinant GEORGÎ ut
Nomen, Apollo.

Magna stirps, falve; Jove nam favente,
Dum suas Ifis vaga volvit undas,
Rite cantabit Rhedycina GEORGĪ
Nomen amatum.

Carolus Jesse, Coll. Trin.

UNIV. OXONIENSIS.

MUnera jam, matres, Junoni ferte Britannæ,
 Purpureo lætum cingite flore caput.
 Charus adest partus — Magnum patris incrementum —
 Angliacæ tandem gloriæ gentis adest.
 Accipit exultans ridentem regia mater,
 Ceu natum in gremio Cypria diva foveat.
 Quales, alme puer, nectent tibi fata coronas !
 Quanta manu invictâ sceptrâ futura geres !
 Serviet imperiis Indi ditissimâ terra,
 Gemmarum et varias prodiga fundet opes.
 Accola te Canadæ regem venerabitur unum,
 Teque per arentes torridus Afer agros.
 Prædas avulsas diverso ex hoste videbis,
 Armaque terrarum Marte subacta tuo.
 At non Isis amat rorantes sanguine lauros,
 Turbida non illam cædis imago juvat.
 Incumbat, puer alme, tuis pax aurea cunis,
 Explicet et frondes dulcis oliva tibi.
 Aspera jam tandem discant mitescere sæcla,
 Vultuque eniteat candidiore Fides.
 Te tenebras nascente petat Discordia fædas,
 Impius et pereat, te veniente, Furor.
 Quin aderunt Charites, et pleno Copia cornu ;
 Et radio furget splendidiore dies.
 Auras mulcebunt suavi modulamine Musæ,
 Plenius auratam stringet Apollo lyram.
 Sic Boreæ terras, longâ caligineertas,
 Vultu cum rediens sol propiore foveat,
 Molles aspirant zephyri, fugit aspera bruma,
 Floribus et variis luxuriatur humus.
 Quæque viret passim ramis frondentibus arbor,
 Ridet et insolito lumine ruris honor.

Joannes Petvin,
 Coll. Wad. Schol.

GRATULATION

TO THE KING.

WHILE shouts of Britons thro' thy echoing dome
Proclaim the treasure brought in triumph home ;
While the proud foe on Cuba's distant shore
Submissive hears thy conquering canon roar ;
To Thee, lov'd Sovereign ! by indulgent heaven
A nobler, dearer boon, a son is given ;
'The rising Phosphor, whose auspicious ray
With new effulgence gilds the glorious day.
How loud, how sweet thy faithful people's voice !
They share the blessing, and with Thee rejoice.
What bliss ere-long thy bosom shall expand,
To see the future Guardian of the land,
Form'd by thy rules, and led by love, not fear,
'The generous plan of British laws revere !

Studious to copy Thee, he ne'er shall stray
In treacherous paths, that lead to lawless sway ;
Nor indolently waste his vacant hours
In careless ease, or pleasure's Paphian bow'rs :
But, fond to shine the father of the state,
Virtuous and wise, in legal grandeur great,
His steps to honour's rougher road shall turn,
And with a subject's love of freedom burn.

Heir to thy worth, Britannia's favourite born,
Him shall true glory's brightest beams adorn.
Peace he shall love, and justice ; yet prepare
His youthful vigour for the toils of war ;
The feuds of angry monarchs to compose ;
In every clime to quell Britannia's foes ;
And by superiour naval force maintain
His country's ancient empire o'er the main.

Ev'n now I see him call each virtue forth,
Fir'd by examples of domestic worth ;
Admire the bold Plantagenets, and trace
The valorous worthies of his Vandal race ;

Delighted

UNIV. OXONIENSIS.

Delighted dwell on pious Alfred's claim
To high distinction in the lists of fame ;
On Edward's deeds in Cressly's glorious field ;
On Her's, who taught Iberia's pride to yield ;
And William's merit, to whose glorious reign
We owe blest freedom from the papal chain,
The glories which around Britannia shine,
Our legal blessings, and the Brunswick line.

Silas Bradbury,

Comm. of Wadh. Coll.


SI qua fides somno est (namque ab Jove somnia sæpe
Haud vana eveniunt) fausto natum omine regi
Auguror hæredem, fausto natum omine genti.
Nuper enim, memini lætus, quo tempore primum
Ore diem rauco cristatus provocat ales,
Visus adeste mihi Morpheus, nec imagine rerum
Vestitus variâ, nec res absque ordine fundens,
Sed clara ante oculos verisquæ simillima pandens.
Postquam jam sensus mentemque paraverat omnes
Rite videre dolos, subito me corripit alis
Arduus æriis, motuque per æthera portans
Insolito, antiquas tandem prope collocat arces,
Fragrantemque torum juxtâ, cui regius infans
Impositus, placido carpebat pectore somnum.
Quem circum infueto huc illuc volitare ministri
Ætherii vultu : talis se candor in ore
Ostendit formoso, et non humana venustas.
Dum mecum hæc meditor, tacitusque in mente revolve,
Agnosco tandem, sanctosque saluto penates.
Illi, quisque suas Puerum circa ordine partes

G R A T U L A T I O

Suppeditant læti ; seu dulcem infundere fomnum,
 Seu circum purgare auras, atque addere succos
 Nutrices, cunisque salubrem aspergere rorem.
 Quin etiam annorum moderator falciger ipse
 Mitis adest senior, nec inanem sedulus artem
 Exercet: paullatim infantis crescere vires
 Aspice quâ præstat curâ ! quam molliter artus
 Demulcet teneros, et vultus format et ora !
 Jam semel ire piger, celeresque resumere cursus.
 " Sic tibi, nate," inquit, " vellem servire fidelis
 " Semper, honoratisque dies afferre diebus.
 " Sic gremio gestare meo, perdura fororum
 " Jussa trium avertens, et nil miserantia fata.
 " At tibi, tempus erit, cum me vis durior Orci
 " Et Parcæ immites cogent abrumpere vitam,
 " Quod longè avertant, veniat dum cana senectus !
 " Namque ego, si tibi quid possem conamine tali,
 " Abjicerem prius impatiens mea tela, retroque
 " Irruerem cursu, quam te prosternerem iniquo
 " Ictu, præripiens properatâ morte juventam.
 " Et cum mortis adest non evitanda sagitta,
 " Nostrium erit, æternos famam recitare per annos,
 " Perpetuisque notis nomen sacrare GEORGÎ."
 Dixit : et aspiciens tantâ jam segnius horas
 Ire morâ, revocare diem festinat : at ille
 Splendidus exoriens, radios immittit ocellis,
 Et simul in tenues insomnia dissipat auras.

J. Wenham, A. B.
Coll. Vig.

AD REGEM.


 QUO juvat usque novis orbem decorare tropæis,
 Inclyte rex? Ubi fessâ pedum vestigia figet
 Musa secuta tuos mundum per utrumque triumphos?
 Nam neque laurigeras cepere Feretria pompas
 Tempia Jovis toties; toties neque Romula proles
 Barbara votivis affixit postibus arma.
 Respice quæ potiora domi te gaudia poscunt!
 Exue tela manu, nec dedignere parentis
 Molle ministerium, voto majore potitus.
 En tibi quem prodit, partu jam læta virili,
 Salva per integros Augusta puerpera menses!
 Altera spes oritur Britonum, nomenque beatum
 GEORGIUS en alter, divûm certissima proles!

Tuque puer, (ni magna deûm nos omina fallant)
 Quanta virûm spolia, et, domitâ tellure, tropæa
 Victor ages olim, cui primo in limine vitæ
 Tantis intremuere Britannûm plausibus aures,
 Tractaritque manus patrias infantula lauros!
 Nec pacem interea, nec musas pacis alumnas
 Posthabeas; pater hoc nascenti præcipit, inter
 Serpere victrices lauros patiaris olivam.

O pacem, et decus, et quicquid supera astra precamur,
 Donature tuis, miseris succurrere præsens
 Regibus, ipse valens dextrâ labentia sceptrâ,
 Et Lusitani spes sustentare caducas;
 Si, Pater, exiguis dignere accedere chartis
 Maxima materies, humilem ne respue musam,
 Quæ te versiculis adhibet, thalamosque feraces,
 Infantisque novi circum cunabula ludit.
 Felix, qui digno crescentem carmine famam
 Cantabit, matura virum cum fecerit ætas,

G R A T U L A T I O

Æmulus ac possit laudes didicisse suorum !
 Audiet ille patri similis ; spes maxima fractis
 Gentibus, Europæque salus : nec pulcrius olim
 Ullum de claro lucebit sidus Olympo.

Robertus Freind, A. B.

Ædis Christi Alumnus.

Hither, swains ! who, whistling blythe,
 Drive the team, or wield the scythe,
 Hither, Nymphs ! who late were seen
 Rakeing the new-shaven green,
 Hither to these shades repair,
 Merry lads ! and merry fair !
 Hither come, and sport, and play,
 This is Cupid's holy-day.

By the silver waves, that steal
 Soft along yon winding vale,
 By the radiant blaze of morn,
 Gilding bright each pearly thorn,
 By the silken gales, that fly
 Wanton thro' the cloudless sky ;
 Hither come, and sport, and play,
 This is Cupid's holy-day.

Hither from yon sunny bank,
 Laughter, come, with many a prank !
 Where beside the limpid spring
 Murm'ring sweet, you gaily sing,
 Where in zoneless vest you call
 Echo from her moss-rob'd wall,
 Hither come, and sport, and play,
 This is Cupid's holy-day.

Here

U N I V. O X O N I E N S I S.

Here the Graces hand in hand,
Decent form the social band.
Here, in purest white array'd
Innocence, celestial maid,
Bids th' expanded soul to flow,
Bids the raptur'd bosom glow,
Bids us sport, and bids us play,
'This is Cupid's holy-day.

Hither, clad in rural dress,
Every soft-ey'd shepherdes !
Hark ! the youths impatient say,
Leave your cotts, and come away —
Come, O, come, ye virgin train !
Leave your cotts, and seek the plain,
Seek the plain, and sport, and play,
'This is Cupid's holy-day.

Now in order meet advance,
Shift the foot, and weave the dance,
Trip it ev'ry well-match'd pair,
Mirthful, gay, and debonair,
While the trembling music flotes,
Richly wild, in sprightly notes.
While you carol, as you play,
'This is Cupid's holy-day.

Grateful now the chorus raise
Io Hymen ! to thy praise,
Io Hymen ! be the song,
Ever bright ! and ever young !
Hymen ! whom in Cyprus' grove
Virtue form'd the friend of Love.
Sing of Hymen ! sport, and play,
'This is Cupid's holy-day.

GRATULATIO

Should a stranger list to know,
Whence our simple, rustic show?
Why in vain the corn demands,
Bending corn, the reaper's hands?
Why your balmy fingers bind
Chaplets that may scent the wind?
Tell him, as ye sport, and play,
This is Cupid's holy-day.

Tell him, from her sacred bow'r
Venus sends a fav'rite flow'r,
Such, as when, to bless the earth,
She gave her little urchin birth;
Say, there's not a god but gives
Fragrance to the rising leaves:
Hence you sport, and hence you play,
This is Cupid's holy-day.

Then, if aught in worth he's read,
Temper'd brave, or nobly bred,
Drop, ye clouds, your mildest dews,
Feed its stalk! and nurse its hues!
Ever may the buds be seen
Lively, blooming, fresh, and green!
Thus he'll wish; and sport, and play,
Hailing Cupid's holy-day!

Sam. Nott, A. B.

Fellow of Worcester College.

O qui volenti jura Britanniae
 Daturus olim mollia, luminis
 Invisis oras, atque, plaufu
 Unanimi comitante, prodis :
 En ! quæ futuri gaudia fubditi
 Teftentur ! en quam lætitiâ gerant
 Vultûſque cordiſque, et paterni
 Regni aditum tibi gratulentur !
 Jam ſentit orbis te dominum fore
 Maris ſupremum ; nec minus imperi
 Terrâ tenebis ſceptra, toto
 Littoribus metuente mundo.
 Naſcenti honores Pierides ferunt
 Suos ; alumnis carmina præcipit
 Apollo, nec tali triumpho
 Se comitem Rhedycina lætam
 Recuſat : atqui tu cave munera
 Spernas Camœnarum ; uſque ſuum decus
 Doctrina ſervet ; quin et ipſe
 Da monitis patienter aurem.
 Te mille poſthâc illecebræ petent ;
 Quot Aula molles blanditias habet,
 Tentabit ; et fervens juvena,
 Conſilium renuens ſeverum,
 Virtutis aſprum linquere tramitem
 Suadebit ; at tu reſpice patrios
 Mores, nec hæredem dolentes
 Degenerem videant Britanni.
 Neſcis libido ſpreta quot afferat
 Et quanta ſecum gaudia ; ſunt bonis
 Suæ voluptates, neque unquam
 Pœnituit coluiſſe ſacra

GRATULATIO

Virtutis ullum jura : sed infimæ

Utcunque plebi fordeat, at decus

Perenne sit regum, supremum

Neu folium temerata linquat.

En ! quanta patri gloria propriâ

Virtute parta est ! cordibus imperat

Ultrò subactis, et Britannûm

Delicias veneratur orbis.

En ! Brunsvicorum stemmatis alterum

Decus, FRED'RICUM ! quantus in hostium

Ruens catervas ingruentes,

Agmina confociata spargat !

Seu pacis artes excolat, et rudes

Domet Boruffos legibus, aut lyram

Tractet, Minervæ laude splendet,

Marte potens, pariterque Phæbo.

Hæc te sequentem exempla decus manet

Æquale ; seu te bellica gloria

Tangat, vel, humani cruoris

Parcior, anteferas olivam.

Tho. Huil,

Coll. Exon. Sup. Ord. Comment.

אשרי המלך ירא יהודה
 ובחסד עליון יבטח
 יברכהו אלהיו
 והקים כסאו לעולם ועד :
 תקדמנו ברכות וטוב
 ובישתך תעירהו
 תבנה ביתו בית עולמים
 ובניו ככוכבי שמים :
 יזרח בכורו כזרח הליל
 וראשית אונו כנוגה השמש
 על כסא אבותיו יקום
 ושבת לא יסור ממנו :
 מעתה תנח עליו רוח אלהים
 ובעת זקנתו לא תעזבנו
 גוים תחת רגליו ידבר
 ועורף אויביו ישבור
 כהנדוף עשן כן יאבדו
 ובשר שונאיו תאכל הרבו :
 יראו כל שפטי ארץ
 יביטו כל יושבי תבל
 וידעו כי יד יהוה עשתה זאת
 וזה מעשה אלהינו :
 כי בחרת בישראל לנהלה
 ובעמך לאחוזת עולם
 מלכך על במתי ארץ תרכיב
 וישועות דוד תראהו :
 ואנחנו עם מרעיתך
 נברך שמך לעולם
 ודברנו בנפלאותיך יהודה
 מורים חסדיך לנצח נצחים :

John Moore,

Coll. Div. Joh. Bap. Soc.

G R A T U L A T I O

Tollat Io plenos jam læta Britannia plausus,
Votivisque sacræ redolefcent thuribus aræ.

Infula fortunata nimis, tua si bona noris!
Expectata falus, spes temporis Ille futuri
Nascitur; — ah! quoties lassasti fidera votis,
“Nascere, Io, clamans, puer inclyte, nascere gentis
“Et spes sollicitæ, charæque decus CAROLETTÆ;
“Solamen patriæque patrique!” hinc candida Virtus
Mille addit veneres, patriasque in pectore dotes,
Egregiæ soboli; proprioque exultat alumno
Justitia: insolitos hinc diva Britannia plausus
Tollit, Io pæan, circumsonat undique tellus,
Et nemore Aonio testantur gaudia musæ.

O infans dilecte deo, spes ultima gentis!
Fortunate, tibi riferunt numina quæque
Nascenti: — varios casus et tædia belli,
Fataque regnorum, sceptrique inamabile pondus,
In te spem ponens certam, obliviscitur, olim
Sollicitus, Pater; invigilans tibi brachia collo
Dat mater, vultus attento lumine lustrans,
Nec queritur duros, te sospite læta, dolores.
Quinetiam et lusus, et cætera ludicra ponens,
(Cum jam firmarit mentem robustior ætas)
Aspera doctrinæ tentabis; sternet eunti
Ipsa Miverva viam; illa aderit tibi, nobilis infans,
Quid deceat, quid non, quid turpe, quid utile monstrans:
Dum patris exemplum te format ad ardua regni,
Sive colas bellum, aut felicitis munera pacis.

Fortunata parens! tibi casti numina amoris
Participem tribuere, et nescia fallere corda.
Ah quoties tenerum complectens leniter ulnis
Cernet ovans veneres CAROLETTÆ, cernet honorem,
Et majestatem teperis splendescere in annis,
Et tenero superincumbens dabit oscula nato!

O felix

UNIV. OXONIENSIS.

O felix CAROLETTA ; tuos confirmet amores
Hoc thalami pignus : ferum demittat in ævum
Brunsvici genus : et patrias in pectora prolis
Transfusas spectet secura Britannia dotes.

*Carolus Wake, Bar. Fil. natu tertius,
Coll. Div. Joh. Bapt. Commenf.*

Ω ΝΑΞ ΑλῆιονΘ μεδῶν, σφε κοίρωνε λαῖα,
Οἱ μὲν μωσπολοὶ χρεὶ Ἰσίδος ευερεῖταιο
Αρχμεν ευφροσυνας, ὅπ πῶις αγαπιτος εχεντο,
Τον Χαρολετήα τεκεν θαλαμῶ κυδος νεογραπῆ·
Α δὲ τειν κραδὶν ἐνι δεσμοῖς ποτνα νεοισιν
Δησε μακαῖρα δαμαρ, ψυχα καὶ ζῶα ανακτΘ·
Μηκεπ δ' ὠδῶεν τρομεῖ, βελΘ Εἰλειθυας
Μηκεπ οἱ φοβεργν, ταν βῶσατο λυσίζωνον.
Ω' νας' ὦ ματερ, Χαριτων τεκος ἱμεροφωνῶν,
Χαιρε μεγ' αἰδοια· τυ γαρ ᾠδακοιτῆς ἀμμιων
Εοσι θερμσπολε βασιληΘ, ὅν ευφρανες αρπ
Τῶς θαλαμῶς σεψασα, χαλον δ' αναδρεμμα τεκουσα.
Τεις μακαρ ὦ βασιλευ· συ δὲ φρασδεο, ῥοτνια ματερ,
Ουχ' ἀρ' εχει γλυκν τ' ἐν μαλακησιν χρεσι φορηται
Πρατοτοκον στο πῶιδα, καὶ οἰμασιν ενθα καὶ ενθα
Παπῆνηαι ερατῶ μὲν εοικοτε ἦεα πατεῖ;
Μοι δὲ δοκει, βασιλευ, μακαρεσσι θεοισιν ὁμοιος,
Ιζανεν ὅς δυνασαι αλοχῶ ᾠδα ση Χαρολετήη,
Α γε κατὰπτομνη πολλυ, κ' ἐν κολποισι τρεφεσαι
Παιδα πῶριξ αἰπυλῆς σωματος κε πεδερχεται αἰδυ.
Χῶταν λης λυταν κραδῆς ἀπο λυσεμεν, ὦ νᾶξ,
Ω, λαοι επιτετραφαται καὶ ποσῶ μεμιηλε,
Παι; ὁ τεος δεδαῶς παππαζεμεν αἰδυ λαλησει,

G R A T U L A T I O

Γεν' ἐπείας πατέρῳ· σὺ δὲ γῆδας δακρυά χύσας,
 Νηπαχὸν σοο παιδά χαλὸν μάλα πυκνά φιλάσεις.
 Εἰ δ' ἀρὰ Μωσ' ἐνυμῶς μαντεύεται, ἐδὲ γὰρ ἀλλῶς
 Χρη μαντεύσασθαι, πᾶσι ἔπος ἀμύμονι πατρὶ
 Εὐσεταί ιός, ἐπεὶ ρα μὲν αἰεξῶ ἐς μέτρον ἐλθῇ,
 Γεωαμύμων κῶδος, μέγα φῶς οφελὸς τε βροτοῖσιν·
 Ἡδὲ πολυχλαυτοῦ λαοῖς πατὴρς οὔτε θανόντῳ,
 Παντὲς γὰρ θίναται πελομέδ' ἀφαται τε φαται τε,
 Οὐ π' ἡττα φρενας οἱ πολυμήϊα ἐργα μελήσει,
 Πουρὰ δ' εἰσηνὴ φίλιος Βρετανέσσιν ἀνάξει.

Tho. Clark,

Coll. Div. Joh. Bapt. Schol.

A D R E G E M.

Crescere præclaram dum spectat America pubem
 Læta sub auspiciis, Rex generose, tuis,
 Suaviter æstivos Britones, te sospite, soles,
 Hibernosque vident gratiùs ire dies.
 “O superi, nobis propria hæc sint munera,” Phæbo
 Hæc oriente edunt, hæc cadente preces.
 Ecce, tibi fausto nunc omine nascitur infans,
 Nostra nec iratis sunt data vota notis.
 Illum idem rex eximius genitorque docebis,
 Quæ deceant regem munia, quæque virum.
 Illum ad delubrum veri pia mater honoris
 Ducet, et ad Charitum, quas amat ipsa, chorum.
 Pacificos placidi hinc regis non temnet honores;
 Illum hinc gloriolæ non agitabit amor.
 Diliget ingenuas artes, cupietque vocari
 Libertatis amans, deliciæque virum.

Ingenii

U N I V. O X O N I E N S I S.

Ingenii dotes placido mitissima vultu
 Et colet, et cultas turba novena canet.
 Nec spernet, gratæ quæ præbent dona Camænæ,
 Cùm sciat has regum facta vetare mori.
 Dumque volet summâ titulos virtute mereri,
 Ad famæ culmen nobilis ardor aget.
 Hæc ubi conspiciet, quis non utriusque parentis
 Egregia excipiet plausibus acta Brito?
 Et, "GEORGÎ, (dicet) semper det vestra propago
 "Et patriæ patres, consimilesque tibi."

Wadham Wyndham,

Coll. Wadh. Sup. Ord. Commenf.

ON that auspicious day, when Britain's sons
 With suppliant voice invok'd all-gracious heav'n
 For blessing on the royal babe; at eve
 By pleasing contemplation led I stray'd
 Where Thames nigh Windsor pours his crystal tide,
 Rolling to great Augusta's citadel
 The gen'rous tribute of his copious urn.
 Nature thro' all her works triumphant join'd
 Her joyful revels, save the silver moon;
 She o'er yon eastern hill in silence seem'd
 To listen, and restrain her course to hear
 The universal shout of Albion's isle.
 As on I mus'd in deep attention lost,
 Sudden aerial sounds salute my ear,
 Like such as in sweet whisp'ring accents drop
 From leaves just fann'd by zephyr's softest breeze.
 Trim fairy elves soon caught my wond'ring sight,
 Wheeling with printless foot their airy rounds
 O'er mossy bank, while glow-worm's moment lamp
 Dim-twinkled thro' their clear pellucid form.

G R A T U L A T I O

To the apt moments of their magic dance
 They sang, how present at the royal birth,
 Each had the tender infant form impress'd
 With all that's fair and all that's beautiful.
 Hark ! The sweet song still strikes my ravish'd ear :

Hither all ye fairy powers,
 Haste from your celestial bowers ;
 Whether in yon region high,
 Or in cowslip's bell ye lie,
 Feasting on the pearly dew,
 That distills fresh sweets for you ;
 To conclude this festive day,
 Come, ye dapper elves away.
 E're the sun his beams had spread
 O'er yon mountain's dusky head,
 E're the bee this morn did sip
 Food from rosebud's velvet lip :
 Oberon ! of race divine,
 Shedding influence benign,
 Say, how you with all the throng
 Studious of enchanting song,
 Sooth'd the royal mother's breast
 With maternal care possess'd,
 Whisp'ring to her ravish'd mind
 Future blessings, hopes refin'd,
 Days of glory, fame ensur'd,
 Faction blasted, peace secur'd :
 Whilst ye sat with rapt'rous joy
 Brooding o'er the princely boy,
 Charms infusing quick as thought,
 Charms with subtlest magic fraught,
 Breathing beauty o'er his face,
 Virtue's beauty, virtue's grace.
 Happy babe ! whose willing breast
 Quick receiv'd the stamp impress :

Happier

U N I V. O X O N I E N S I S.

Happier parents, who shall see
All their worth unite in thee.
To conclude this festive day,
Come ye dapper elves away.

Thus sang the elfin sprites: and now the moon
Had gain'd mid heaven, when the airy crew,
Mounting the subtle texture of her beams,
Fled thro' the regions of unbounded space
To realms unvisited by mortal eye.

W. Benson Earle, A. B.
of Merton College.

NAscere, Io, nitidoque caput, fol, exere cœlo;
Exere, qualis ubi, sacros miseratus honores
Imperii, stabilire unum de millibus, unum
Brunsvicum Angliacis voluisti adlabier oris,
Liberaque effusis commercia fervere portis.
Nascere, et æterno quoties remeabilis ortu
Annus eat, sit fausta dies, sit lucis origo
Sanctior: en! tecum qui mox primordia vitæ
Ordinet, et gratus referat cunabula prima,
Nascitur in folium, cui parva in pectora sentit
Transfundi patrias lætata Britannia dotes.
Ille, licet tener in cunis sine viribus infans
Incubet, ille olim nec avis atavisve minorem
Se dabit, aut virides cernet marcescere laurus.

O dilecte puer, gravidos tibi sternit honores
Autumnus, tibi flamenti subridet arista
Dives ager, zephyrique tuum genitalior aura
Adventum exhilarat. Non tristia bella quietem,
Non si tetra quatit motum discordia mundum,
Non tuba terribilis somni levis otia rumpet.

G R A T U L A T I O

Scilicet hinc longè crudeles imbuat enses
 Russia, quà folio exultans impunè, recenti
 Sanguine jam perfusa fedet Catharina mariti :
 Cui modo contigerat si fors imitarier artes,
 Prædulcis CAROLETTA, tuas, quæ lumine pectus
 Sanctum ornas, ubi purus honos, ubi mille decenter
 Conjurant veneres ; jam nunc regnique torique
 Optima vixisset focii et fidissima custos.
 Aspice ut instratus pompâ venerabilis hæres
 Regali jaceat ! quali spectabilis ore
 Emicet in lucem ! nec vero luce refulsit
 Clarior Æneas, purâ cum evanuit æthrâ
 Nubes circumfusa, Venus licet ipsa decorem
 Maternum nato genetrix, lumenque juventæ
 Purpureum, lætosque oculis afflârit honores.

Interea tu cresce, puer, crescentibus annis
 Clarior, infantisque licet nunc insula famam
 Limitibus certis arctoque coerceat orbe,
 Emineas ; neque enim, cum firma accesserat ætas,
 Creta deum tenuit vinctum, non ultimus orbis
 Enitenti animo aut ingentibus obstitit ausis.

Christophorus Taylor,
 Coll. Magd. Semicom.

HA I L Euterpe, nymph divine,
 Fairest of the tuneful nine ;
 At thy chearful altar, see,
 Low I bow the willing knee,
 As on this auspicious day
 Forth I pour the votive lay,
 When to crown a nation's prayers,
 And relieve a monarch's cares,

U N I V. O X O N I E N S I S.

On high deeds of goodness bent
Heaven a royal son has sent,
Glory's brightest days to prove
In a free-born people's love,
Blest, and blessing to bestow
Every joy that mortals know.

Ever sacred be the morn,
Princely babe, that saw thee born :
Kindest influence on that hour
Friendly stars conspired to pour :
Sought to bless the subject earth,
Sought to bless — and give Thee birth.

Heedless for herself awhile,
See the tender CHARLOTTE smile !
She amidst a mother's throes
Looks of love on thee bestows ;
Sweetest prince, one smile employ
To compleat a parent's joy.
Lo ! around, the matron band,
Pleasing task ! attentive stand :
Duty, love, and joy combin'd,
Captive hold each anxious mind.
But not words, nor numbers faint
GEORGE'S heart-felt bliss can paint,
How his conscious looks express
Softest passions in his breast,
When, to his delighted ear
Proud the pleasing news to bear,
Fame enraptur'd did relate
Favour'd Albion's happy fate.

While from every hill around
Notes of public joy resound,
Rising from his wat'ry bed
Britain's Genius rears his head :
Proudly tow'ring to the skies
See his awful form arise,

G R A T U L A T I O

Hear him pour this ardent prayer
O'er the much-lov'd monarch's heir ;

“ On him shed, indulgent heaven,
“ Choicest gifts to mortals given,
“ Every blessing may he share,
“ Every virtue be his care ;
“ From example form'd to be
“ Noble, good, and wise as He,
“ Who, of every grace posscest
“ That adorns a monarch's breast,
“ Strives, nor can he strive in vain,
“ O'er his people's hearts to reign.”

William Grove, B. A.

Fellow-Commoner of Oriel Coll.

VOS quæ regali lætantes hospite, festas
Certatim choreas agitis, nî forte morentur
Egregiæ vultus CAROLETTÆ, et forma, Ministræ
Salvete illustres ; neque enim vos musa tacebit
Felices, quarum subiit bene credita tectis
Spes Britonum, subiit GEORGÎ dulcissima conjux,
Dimidiumque animæ : vos illam, sedula turba,
Stipantes, cùm jam partus enixa jaceret,
Lucinæ officio lenistis sospite curas.
Nascentis pueri primas vos aure fideli
Haufistis voces, regni præfaga beati
Omina. Vidistis crebro repetita parentum
Oscula et amplexus, et vota ardentia ; ut ore
Penderent avido, lachrymas ut muta cieret
Lætitia : expleri poterant neque corda tuendo
Maternumque decus, majestatemque paternam.
Vos quoque vidistis pompam, cum Palladis urbe
Emissus, vestris succederet ordo togatus

Limi-

U N I V. O X O N I E N S I S.

Limnibus, memor officii; cum leniter infans
 Rideret cunis, molli cervice reflexa,
 Se genti Ifiacæ spondens musisque patronum. —
 Vos salвете Lares! puerum defendite, gentis
 Exaudite preces; sic vestros nulla recessus
 Fortuna obturbet, foribus sed rite corollam
 Votivam nectant Britones; vos carmine dicant,
 Faustum anno volvente diem: mox laudis amore
 Concitus, ille etiam, vagit qui parvulus aulâ
 Brunsvicius, spolia his aptabit victor opima
 Postibus, hic quæfita haud uno ex hoste tropæa,
 Hic arma, hic currus olim, foliumque locabit.
 Ter sancti salvēte Lares, domus inclyta salve!
 Dignatur CAROLETTA suum cui imponere nomen;
 Ante alias celebranda domus! licet alta superbas
 Vinforia ostendet turres, licet æmula surgat
 Ædibus et viridi ridens Hantonia saltu.

Euseb. Iſham,

Coll. Magd. Semicom.

GEEORGÎ, venuste Infantule,
 Quem læta parturit Venus,
 Et blanda fingit Gratia,
 Oris tui nitens color,
 Frontisque regiæ decus,
 Et forma multum fulgurans,
 Amoris accendit faces.
 Auguste, lacte purior,
 Ipsoque melle dulcior,
 Ipsaque luce blandior,
 Nascente te, jam nascitur
 Suprema gloria Angliæ.
 Ornant tuas comæ genas,

Y

Ut

GRATULATIO

Ut palma viret frondibus ;
 Fulgent ocelli lucidi,
 Sol ut coruscans fontibus ;
 Fulgescit ore purpura,
 Ut verna pullulans rosa
 Odore suavi germinans.
 Cupidines en ! circiter
 Protervitate lufitant :
 Invecta bigis Cynthia
 Diffundit argenti jubar ;
 Phæbusque lumen æmulum
 Miratur in cunabulis.
 Pater fatorque temporum
 Tibi benigna fidera,
 Diesque finxit aureos.
 Te, te benignus respicit
 Sublimis ille, castus, et
 Prænobilis GEÖRGIUS ;
 Et fovet amato sinu,
 Et mille figit basia,
 Et filiorum filios
 Promittit, isto stemmate
 Beans futura secula ;
 Nec bella pallet fervida,
 Ramos olivæ porrigens.
 Tu regna firmas, et sacro
 Tu corda nectis compede :
 Patriſque laudes exprimes
 Infantulus balbutiens.
 O quam jucundi erunt dies,
 Cum jura dabis Angliæ.

Franc. Finch, A. B.

Coll. Div. Joh. Bap. Soc.

UNIV. OXONIENSIS.

Y twr-wnn, a daranodd,
 Ergydiau i'r rhiwiau rhôdd;
 Bloedd o nenn, heb lâdd neb;
 Sŵn etto, fy'n ei atteg;
 Daeth i gluft; hyd eitha gwlad;
 Yr awyr a hŷllt âi ruad;
 Clybu gymru, llŷ, a llan,
 A'r holl dirioedd, 'r hyll daran:
 Ein brynniau, a'n creigiau cro'ch,
 (Wych-glau fwn) chwy a glowfoch;
 Fod eginin, brenin bri,
 (Gwŷwl inu) ogael ei eni:
 Clawdd inu os bydd, cledde Spain;
 Yn bwriadu drwg Brydain:
 Mewn crûd gwiw-lwys y gwela,
 Ryw ardderchog dywyfog da:
 Undewrwydych, y'no 'n deran,
 'N crio a geir (un crŷ, a gwan)
 Heb flino ei ceir, blaenor câd
 I'w Gafeion, gwae ei suad;
 Cene llew, yn cnoi, llid
 Ir Hyfpaenwyr, oes penyd:
 (Swydd-fawr) ar ei orfedd-faingc
 Bydd erchyll ffrewyll i ffraingc:
 Mae' nês aros, oes euredde,
 A ddaw i'r byd â hyfryd hêdd;
 Gyda' llawnder, mwynder maith,
 Pur-ffydd, a chariad perffaith;
 Medd fybil-iw hîl âi hâd;
 Bydd dewr-nawfedd deyrnasiad;
 Pan wisicio huno ein hjôr
 A garwn; a mynd o'n goror;
 Mae ini, iw enenio,

GRATULATIO

Yn frenin, byddin y be
 Boed gwellhâd (y byd erllês)
 Fron heini i'r Frenhines;
 Mam lliaws, hynaws boed hon,
 Aerod dewr-wych (rai tirion)
 I'r goron, (gwyr o gariad)
 Doed mîl o'u tŷ, mâl eu tâd.

Hugh Jones,
 Coll. Oriel.

נגילו הנה נער נולד למלך
 נגילו כי שר לנו נתן:
 אשרי אנחנו והו עם הטיב
 שא ראשך הים והנשאו נהרות
 גם רבות אים יעלו:
 כי בא כי בא לשפוט עם בצדקה:
 וחבל למשול באמונתו:
 יהי כעץ שתול על פלגי מים
 אשר בו פרוי פרי צדקה:
 ילכו יונקותיו על כל ארץ
 ושלום מאדמה יניץ:
 הנה יבאו כל גוים יחריו
 הם והם בצל ירבצו:
 על כן ביום הזה נרון
 בזמרות גריע לצור תאותינו:

Henricus Rigby,
 Coll. Wadh. Schol.

Στροφή α'.

ΣΕΛΑΝΑ ελθ', αργυροκλων
 Φεγῖθ' ἀλιωδές,
 Λαμπροῖς ελθ' ἵπποις βασιλίστα
 Νυκτὸς ατσεμαίας,
 Ὡς πῆ, σιωχεῖσαι διφρὸν λοξόν,
 Δρυιδῶν πό' αιες μελοποιῶν,
 Τεμνέει σέλας αἰδυπνοῦ ναπαί-
 σι τε δένδρεφύταις παρῆχες· ἐν ἔδραις δ'
 Οφθῆτε φαεινῶς,
 Ἀστέρες ἀπλανητοί.

Ἀντιστροφή β'.

Ἐπικτε γὰρ γαῖα Βρεταννίς
 Φιλτατὸν λοχέυμα,
 Ποίησον λαῶ μεγά χαρμα,
 Ζηνῶ εὐαρεστον
 Δῶρον τ' ἀγαθὸν τελεσεῖ δ' αὐτῶ,
 Βλαβὸς ἐκβαλὼν χθονῶ· πολυμοχθον
 Τὸν Ἀρην, δαῖον τερας, συμπαυσῶν,
 Φονεόντα νεεῖς, κορεαὶ ὡς Καδμείας
 Ραψῶδῶ, ἐγείρειν
 Κά'ν πολεὶ σενάγμης.

Στροφή β'.

Εἶθα παλαι Ζηνὸς ἀμυμον
 Παρεκκεῖται γῆρας·
 Εἶθα γελῶν αἶρα νεογνοῖς
 (Ἀχοαὶ ὡς ἐδαην)
 Οφθῇ μῆν δυο χεῖρσι
 Χαρίεις ἀγχοῖασεν ---

GRATULATIO

Βρεφῶ, ἤμιν συ δ' ἔση
 Τερψίς, κλεῖθ' ἠδ' αἰναον·
 Αἰοσιαν γὰρ συ δαμας,
 Νηπιος ὦν, δυσμενεῖθ'
 Ταν ἐριθίαν πολεως,
 Φοβεραν, οφιωδην·
 Φιλίας σων τε τυχων,
 Κα'ν βιοτῶ φιλομοχθῶν
 Ζηλων Ηρακλεα.

Αντιπροφη β'

Ωγυγιον μιν τότε κωδος
 Βασιλεων τ', αεχμημων τ',
 Εισομεν, ασκειν σαφ' ἔκοντων
 Πολεμους τ' ἠδὲ τεχνους
 Φιλεταιρας· ταφῶ ἀνδρων
 Αγαθων πασα δὲ γα,
 Αρετων μναμοσυνα·
 Βλαψει το χαλκον δ' ἐνταφιον
 Μητε φθονος, μητε χρενῶ
 Πανδαματωρ· πμ, συγ' ἔση
 Ὡς πατρινοὶ τ' αἰδυπαταις,
 Βρεφῶ ἀμειροτ' ἀνακτων·
 Ποθεσουσ' ευτυχες
 Ου Βρετονες βασιλδουσιντ'
 Αιει Γεωργιαδην.

Ric. Wooddeson,
 Coll. Magd. Semicom.

“**H**OW is thy spirit, hapless Gallia, fled !
 “Where is that prowess thou wert wont to boast ?
 “Is then thy ancient thirst of glory dead ?
 “Are all thy pleasing hopes of freedom lost,
 “Which thy brave sons so roughly strove to gain,
 “When daring Edward, by divine command,
 “Plough’d with his hardy troops the billowy main,
 “And wreak’d heaven’s anger on this guilty land ?
 “Tho’ heav’n decreed the blow which Edward gave,
 “Yet was Alançon, yet was Lorraine brave.

“Have ye not heard, how Henry claim’d the throne,
 “When Charles asserted his paternal right ?
 “By dint of valour he regain’d his own,
 “And thrice ten years maintain’d the doubtful fight.
 “Is then your freedom thus preserv’d in vain,
 “By the dear blood of your forefathers sav’d,
 “That thus ye crouch beneath the galling chain,
 “In worse than British bondage now enslav’d !
 “Edward was generous, and had Henry reign’d,
 “France might have yet a milder fate obtain’d.

“Has heav’n indignant to our mis’ries join’d,
 “That greatest curse, a base degenerate soul ?
 “Else why this tumult ? why these sounds design’d
 “To rend with ill-tim’d joys the conscious pole ?”
 Thus sang a Gallic Muse, whose daring wing
 Far distant left her groveling weak compeers ;
 Whilst the throng’d nobles hail’d their future king,
 And bards prophetic, aw’d by servile fears,
 Anticipating times of long renown,
 Foretold the glories of the dauphin’s crown.

G R A T U L A T I O

Then to thee, Freedom, pay'd their votive lays
 Those hireling bards, who, ere they dar'd to sing,
 And to thy deity mock altars raise,
 Must bow obeisance to an haughty king.
 They, whom thy happy lessons never taught,
 On whom from thee ne'er glanc'd one transient ray,
 One liberal sentiment, or manly thought
 That dar'd to bid them hate tyrannic sway,
 Tender'd their abject incense at thy shrine,
 Whilst slav'ry breath'd in each enervate line.

Let bards thus nurs'd beneath a tyrant's rod
 Pay forc'd devotion to an empty name,
 As Athens once ador'd an unknown god,
 Nor deem'd for whom they rais'd the holy flame:
 Let them with art suppress the starting tears,
 And smile deceitful, whilst inur'd to pain,
 Ev'n bless the means, that shall to latest years
 Of all their ills protract the tedious chain.
 Heav'n hath not so taught Britons; — yet their lay
 With joy unfeign'd shall crown each happier day.

In strains more honest shall the British muse,
 In strains more jocund greet the royal ear;
 Mov'd by no servile dread, no sordid views,
 Alike asham'd of flattery and of fear,
 Their grateful wreath shall science' sons entwine;
 And ev'ry muse shall bless th' auspicious morn
 That said, "Hail Albion, for from Brunswick's line
 "Another guardian of thy laws is born."
 Thro' the glad isle their joyful hymns shall ring,
 Britain thro' every clime shall hail her future king.

William Cleaver, A. B.

Probationer Fellow of Brasenose College.

UNIV. OXONIENSIS.

Altera spes Britonum! tibi Brechonis ardua moles,
 Et Snowdon nutare caput; tibi diruta tellus
 Cornubiæ submittere opes et viscera gaudet.
 Quin tibi continget (procul O! procul hora recedat)
 Imperium oceani; tibi ferviet Indus uterque,
 Te dominum agnoscat fugitivâ Gallia classè.
 Sed quid enim? — Auspiciis veniat nunc illa paternis,
 Illa, diu nimium votis quam poscimus omnes,
 Pax secura tuis; et dum furor impius orbem
 Usque adeo trepidum populatur; sit tibi cordi
 Exemplo patris miseras compescere gentes,
 Fœdere et optato luctantia jungere regna.
 Sæviat ille licet, turpi ditescere prædâ
 Quem juvat, et vacui deserta extendere regni.
 Te tamen, O princeps, pater optimus excitet olim,
 Religionem potens teneros componere mores:
 Sic etenim nobis libertas tuta manebit;
 Libertas; pro quâ tot, tanta pericula belli
 Sprevimus, atque animas ultro projecimus: Illi
 Semper sit potius pacis tutarier artes,
 Morefque ingenuos: sat vis et barbarus horror
 Sæviit armorum; sat possidet Anglia: Galli
 Indigenas teneant fraudes et perfida regna,
 Sequæ suo perdat demens Hispania fastu.

Joannes Collins, Jun.

Coll. Regin. Commenf.

G R A T U L A T I O

ALL human things experience change of fate ;
 The soul-enlivening joy roving awhile
 Steals from her favourite manse of bliss, to cheer
 The homely cot, and wrinkled Care's sad brow,
 Sweet interlude of ease ! by gloomy thought,
 And keen distress rare felt ! Nor can the lure
 Of courts and crowns the fleeting guest engage,
 Or fix her stay beneath their vaulted roofs.
 Yet still great Brunswic's breast she chiefly loves ;
 Content to meditate excursions short ;
 Where finding no congenial breast, she wings
 Homeward her flight, by absence more endear'd.
 Long had his CHARLOTTE bless'd the godlike prince,
 Her manners mild, her sound endearing sense
 Long charm'd his soul, to love and social joy
 Attun'd. When lo ! (sad change) his consort faints,
 And rueful throes embitter that sweet scene
 Which Eden blissful made : ere the first pair
 Their inbred happiness, and virtue lost,
 In one sad ruin. Meanwhile in the man
 See all the monarch funk ! His sympathy
 Confess'd the hero is the most humane.
 Quick mindful of her charms, and accents soft,
 GEORGE dropt the tear, his sceptre laid aside,
 The robe of state, and garter'd dignity :
 Then sought retirement to indulge a thought
 Pregnant with grief and expectation mixt ;
 'Till kind Lucina lent her timely aid,
 And sweet oblivion buried every pang,
 Lost in the transports of a mother's joy. —
 The peerless sire with rapture heard the sound,
 Which busy fame thro' the wide dome diffus'd :

Prompt

U N I V. O X O N I E N S I S.

Prompt to conjecture what his Britons felt,
Gaz'd on his boy, and smil'd and gaz'd again.
Then turning to his lovelier consort spoke
Majestically mild ; "Hail, partner dear,
My better half! who calmest all my soul
In tender thought and home-felt fondness wrapt,
And quickenest pure delight, unknown before!
May this fair pledge of mutual love prolong
To life's last breath inviolate, the joys
Entail'd on conjugal fidelity.
And O! affect he first my Britain's cause,
Protect he well her commerce, and her fame,
Her laws revere, her rights maintain, and rise
The friend, the father of the future age."

John Symmons,

Gentleman Commoner of Jesus College.

GRATULATION

TO THE QUEEN.

ILlustrious Princess, form'd alone
Of GEORGE'S love, of GEORGE'S throne,
To claim the envied prize;
While in thy breast, serene as fair,
The parent's joy, the parent's care,
In sweet conjunction rise:

Forgive a muse, whose artless lays
No common themes of joy or praise
Could ever teach to flow;
Forgive if, strongly charm'd, she dare
Those blissful joys in part to share,
'Tis thine complete to know.

For thee she paid the vow sincere,
For thee indulg'd the fervent pray'r,
Within her anxious breast;
That pray'r, whose spirit free disdains
Of words the thought-confining chains;
By silence best express'd.

With thine alike, in songs of praise,
She joys her raptur'd soul to raise,
To him who rules above;
Who gave to thine, and GEORGE'S arms,
A prince replete with infant charms,
The pledge of infant love.

Thrice happy babe! whose ev'ry year
Shall bid new scenes of joy appear,
Surpassing each the past;
As when the glorious god of day
A strong and now a stronger ray
Emits, to blaze at last:

Nurs'd

U N I V. O X O N I E N S I S.

Nurs'd by thy kind paternal hand,
His breast, like wisely-cultur'd land,
 With seeds of virtue sown,
Shall early put it's blossoms forth,
And ripen into kindred worth
 With thine and GEORGE's own.

As some fair fruit of goodly birth
Dropt in the teeming womb of earth,
 Whose kindly warmth can spread
Each vital part, with friendly aid
Aspires beneath it's parent's shade
 T' uphold his drooping head;

So, when life's winter rough and bleak,
With darken'd eye and furrow'd cheek,
 And step infirmly slow,
It's hoary frost, the promis'd dow'r
Of virtuous age, shall plenteous show'r
 Round thine and GEORGE's brow,

His wisdom, ripe for glorious deed,
To toils of empire shall succeed,
 And ease the weight of pow'r;
His duteous love your cares repay
With joy that smooths life's latest day,
 And death's terrific hour.

In him, tho' dead, the fire shall live,
Thy virtuous self in him survive;
 While anxious to retain
The name of Britain's prince and friend,
To future times he strives t' extend
 A GEORGE and CHARLOTTE's reign.

Denham Skeet,
Scholar of Balliol College.

GRATULATIO

ΝΥμφαι Ιπαδες ποταμῶ θείοιο χρεθλή,
 Αἱ πορὸν θαλάμῃς μετὰ κοίταις ἀνακτῶ
 Ἀσάτε, χθυσμῶν γλυκερὴν χαλκίερρον ὀμφήν,
 Τῇ δ' ἐπακουσάμην ποταμῶν λιγυρώτατ' ἰσὶς
 Ὑδατοῦν λιπὲν ἄντρον εὐκτυπῶ, ὠκεανῷ δέ
 Εἶπε γαμῆς βασιλῆῳ, ὃ δ' αὖ μετὰ χαιρέτ' ἀκέσας·
 Νῦν ἀγέτ' ὦ κῶρῃ φίλῃ ἰσθῶ ἀεγυρεθῶ,
 Γαθούνης τε παλιν παλιν ἀεχέτε· καὶ ᾧ πυρᾷ,
 Τῶν μοισμὶ φίλεόντ', ἰοιδέα ταις κηραῖσιν
 Ὑμῶν παιδογόον κελεύειτε, καὶ ἀεχέτε μολπῆς,
 Ἀ φρένας εὐπλοκάμῳ Χαρολέτῃς, ἐκ ἐπὶ κῶρης
 Ἀλλὰ τσοφῶ τέκεθ', καλὰ τερψέι ἡμεροφῶνθ'.
 Χαιρε γῆν ματέρ, Βρετονῶν χαλλισφύρ' ἀναστα·
 Ἡ εἰ θεοὶ σε φιλοῦσιν, ἐπεὶ πορφερεσσάτ' ἀνδρῶν
 Νυμφίος ἐν τῷ, κηπεὶ ᾧδαχοίς εἰσῆ
 Ἐν μεγαροῖσι Γεωργίῳ αἰδαῖῳ βασιλῆῳ
 Νηπιαχὸν τὸν παῖδα φίλον δεκάμηνος ἐπικτῆς.
 Σ', ὦ Χαρολέτῃ, ἰαπῇ, καὶ ἀλσεα πάντα, καὶ ὕλας,
 Σε κρῖναι μαχαρίζουσιν, σε μελίερον ὕδωρ
 Ἰσίδος, ἀνθόσσι δὲ οἱ Σάβωνα καὶ Ὑμέρῳ.
 Καμῆρια δὲ ζαῖα φῶτων τσοφῶ εὐχμετῶν
 Εὐφροσύνῳ κροτεῖ θεὸν Ὑμέν', αἰακτὰ λαχέσῃ
 Πρατοτόκον σοὶ παῖδα, δι' ὃν μετὰ κῶδῃ γαίῃ.
 Χαιρ' ὦ ἰαξὶ φιλομῶσε Γεωργίε, σοὶ δ' ἀρὰ μῶσαι
 Τετο φέροντι μελῶ κεχαριστῶν, ἀγαθοφῶνῃ
 Εἰς ἐτος εἴς τε παῖδες γεννοῖντο μῶν ἄλλοι,
 Εὐχμεθ' ὦ βασιλῶ, τέτῳ δ' ἐπὶ παῖδι χαρεῖς.

R. D. Shackleford,

Coll. Div. Joh. Bapt. Schol.

PErgat, inexpertus thalami genialis, adulter
Inter lascivos animi fastidia cœtus

Fallere : sollicitet venalia basia fictæ
Pellicis ; illa licet speciem prætendat amantis
Mille dolos agitans, captumque cupidinis æstu
Blanditiis teneris et amœno carmine ludat :
Nulla fides animum concordî fœdere jungit,
Nulla levant curas solatia ; quin gravis horror
Pone subit, morbique, et præmatura senectus.

Non ita quos castis jungit data dextra vicissim
Fœderibus ; queis rite faces Cytherea jugales
Accendit, nectens sociali pectora vincolo.
Felices ! His unus amor ! Concordia semper
Arridet ; nec longa dies — quin lætior astat
Fœcundo Lucina toro — tum grata parentes
Cura tenet, suavisque labor ; solesque beati
Currere — dum alterno vitæ lenire labores
Dividuos juvat alloquio, dum pectora motus .
Utraque dant similes, et mutua gaudia miscent.

Talis, inaurato non dedignata cubili
Invigilare, animam talis Concordia GEORGÎ
Mulcet, ubi rerum paulum deponit habenas
Imperio fessus, dulcemque reviscere natum
Gressibus appropinquat festinis, aut CAROLETTÆ
Afflatu tenero sopitas fallere curas.

Quis tibi tunc, GEORGÎ, cernenti talia sensus ?
Ut tu, maternæ pietatis imagine captus,
Lætitiâ exultas ! — Apparet regia conjux
Infantem mulcens tereti cervice reposta,
Et faciles suadens vocis modulamine somnos.

“ Chare puer, somni cape mollia munera ! non te,
“ Non tua bellorum corda illætabile murmur
“ Terrificat ; nescis, proles pulcherrima, nescis
“ Eventus belli varios ! Procul omne quod alinam

GRATULATIO

“Conturbet requiem — puerique parentibus orbi,
“Sponsorumque pii fletus, matrumque ululatus!
“Haud tamen hos cernit tranquilla mente tumultus
“GEORGIUS : — ille quidem medio in splendore triumphī
“Sæpe trahens gemitus, flet tinctas sanguine laurus,
“Flet missos toties in aperta pericula cives :
“Cuncta neque in nato chari stat cura parentis ;
“Laudis amor patriæque vefat — fera numina Martis
“Huic opus est vinclis cohibere, et reddere pacis
“Intermissa diu studia, ac florentia dona.”

His demum exactis, pariter pietate vel armis
Egregius genitor nati juvenilibus annis
Inviliget, gaudens teneram moderamine leni
Ad proprias sensim virtutes ducere mentem.
Seu juvet occultos sopherie penetrare recessus,
Naturamque, deumque sequi ; seu provida pandens
Arcana imperii, pater indefessus alumnum
Præclaris doceat studiis utriusque Minervæ
Felices populos, et libera jura tueri.
Forfitan atque animum generosis excitet ausis,
Virtutem invictam bello, facilesque triumphos
Angligenum referens : quin tum meminisse juvabit
Effracta Hispanæ primo in certamine gentis
Robora, et imbelles repetito vulnere Gallos.

Guilielmus Eden,

Baronetti Filius,

Ædis Christi Commens.

UNIV. OXONIENSIS.

TO THE QUEEN.

WHILE Albion's shores resound with loud acclaim,
And conquering subjects hail their monarch's fame,
Say, fairest partner of the British throne,
Glow's not thy heart with bliss before unknown?
Yet warmer joys thy raptur'd bosom fire,
When grateful duty greets the royal Sire. —
Yes, happy Princess, in that dearer name
Is center'd all thy utmost wish can claim:
May heav'n indulgent long that wish supply,
And latest time dissolve the sacred tye.

And thou, blest Prince, accept the duteous lay,
Which hails from Isis' banks thy natal day:
The muse exulting fees, with glad presage,
Auspicious omens mark thy infant age;
And bids thy days with equal tenor flow,
'Till ripen'd childhood into man shall grow.
O may she then thy youthful breast inspire,
With all the virtues that adorn thy fire:
Teach thee to glow like him in Britain's cause,
Protect her commerce, and revere her laws:
Like him, with mild benignity dispense
Each kind effect of regal influence;
And, wisely just, to all thy smiles extend,
Nor make a foe, where duty gives a friend.

If such thy boast, when virtue's well-earn'd prize
Shall claim thy parent to his kindred skies,
With lessen'd grief shall favour'd Britain see
His princely qualities transferr'd to thee:
And still fair Freedom crown this happy isle,
Beneath a native prince's fostering smile;
While other TALBOTS, other LITCHFIELDS join
To guard the throne where Truth and Honour shine.

Frauncis Burdett,

Son of Sir Robert Burdett, Bart.

Gent. Com. of Christ Church.

G R A T U L A T I O

Auspicious month, whatever name thou hear'st,
 Sextile or August, in each circling year
 Never, O never shall the muse
 Forget thy bland return.
 Not that in nature's richest robes arrayed,
 'The teeming horn of plenty in your hand,
 You temper for the sparkling bowl
 The nectar of the grape :
 Not that you bid the sturdy swain unlock
 Britannia's treasured stores ; o'er the rich vales
 What time luxuriant Ceres smiles,
 And waves her golden hair :
 But that the hours which wanton in your train
 First welcomed to this land the royal guest,
 When echo bade these shores resound
 With Liberty and GEORGE.
 Yet, the misjudging dotard Prejudice
 With many a hollow murmur met his ear ;
 That clouded all the jocund scene,
 And damp'd each rising joy.
 Nor murmur now is heard, nor cloud deforms
 The happier scene of this distinguish'd day,
 This natal day, whose candid mark
 The British annals claim.
 Since first thy own Augustus fix'd thy name
 With brighter pomp thy glories never shone,
 Than at this boon, when every muse
 Cries hail on GEORGE's heir.
 The tuneful choir the sacred Virtues join,
 For every Virtue is his father's friend ;
 And all the Graces, for each Grace
 Is of his mother's train.

UNIV. OXONIENSIS.

Ev'n War with arm uprais'd, prepared to strike,
Charm'd with the natal pæans, listening stood,
And paus'd; and wond'ring why he paus'd,
Let drop the blood-stain'd sword.
With all thy fruits, with all thy various sweets
Breathe, gentle August! Nor with noxious gales,
Such as from glowing Sirius oft proceed,
Taint Britain's rising hope.
So may fair Plenty ever crown thy horn;
So shall I never at thy bland return
Forget thy praise, auspicious month,
Meridian of the year.

Michael Terry,

Gent. Com. of C. C. C.

TO THE KING.

A GAIN, lov'd Prince, the muse devotes her lyre
To sounds which Freedom only can inspire:
Her honest suffrage Truth to virtue pays;
She makes the shout of joy, the voice of praise. —

When Britain hail'd thee king, 'twas Freedom wrought
Each laurel crown the tuneful sisters brought:
When heav'n, that prompted, blest thy nuptial vow,
They plac'd her hallow'd chaplet on thy brow:
She cull'd the chequer'd wreath which now they twine
To deck the new-born heir of worth like thine:
Bold is her duty, her applause, her love;
She knows the heart that earn'd them will approve.

GRATULATIO.

Take then her homage. — Thou hast deign'd to know
Her claim, the service patriot princes owe ;
Giv'n to the world they reign for man alone ;
Their very virtues are no more their own :
To public good, their every private view,
Their thoughts, their toils, their fears, their hopes are due :
To bear for all, the cares of each, design'd,
Friends, guardians, husbands, fathers, of mankind.

Blest in this truth, thy happy land can trace
Each royal merit, each domestic grace :
Can boast a lord, whom Liberty obeys ;
A conqueror, whom Humanity may praise :
Hence all she felt, admir'd, and lov'd before ;
Hence her bold hope enjoys one prospect more.

Yes — to the father while she turns her eyes,
New scenes of future bliss and glory rise ;
There will the man exalt the sovereign ; — there
The hero's purpose aid the parents care :
There each fond thought affection can suggest
Will bid a nation or a world be blest.

These are thy Britain's triumphs : — these employ
Her dearest wish, and prompt her warmest joy :
These all her zeal, at once, and pride engage,
When her rapt eye surveys the rising age :
These on her ear pour ev'ry theme of praise
Reserv'd to grace thee thro' the length of days,
When wond'ring realms shall equal virtues see
Renew'd, reflected, in a son like thee.

Giles Rooke,

Comm. of St. John's Coll.

U N I V. O X O N I E N S I S.

Silete venti — regius en ! Puer
 Obdormit — O quis, cardine ne fores
 Crepant iniquo, curet — ite,
 Ite levi tacitoque gressu !
 Obtestor at te, principis inclyta
 Nutrix alumni, stragula leniter,
 Obtestor, O ! pande, invidamque
 Tolle moram chlamydis cubanti.
 Vultum decorum ! — quot veneres simul !
 Effulget ut frons marmore purior !
 Ut subrubent udùm labella !
 Egregio ut nitet ore candor !
 Sic membra stratus dicitur in rosâ
 Jacere multâ, sic temere situs
 Infantulus clivis Cupido
 Idaliæ, Cypriisve lucis !
 Quin excitatur : lucida sidera
 Agnosco matris, cæruleum decus !
 Sic et pater quondam os ferebat,
 Non sine diis animosus infans.
 Quin ridet — O risum facilem notes !
 Quin molle rursus ridet — at inclyti
 Statim parentes tam secundi
 Auspicii rapiatis omen !
 En ! ut decenti more crepundia
 Huc motat illuc exiguâ manu ;
 Illâ vibrabit mox avitæ
 Sceptra domus, Britonumque fulmen !
 Sic et tonantem credidimus Jovem
 Quassare cunis non nocuas faces,
 Telo trifulco gestientem,
 Et tonitrus levioze flammâ.

Georgius Whiteborne Lawrence,
 Coll. Pemb. Sup. Ord. Comment.

GRATULATION

TO THE PRINCE OF WALES.

SLEEP, royal infant, sleep;
Round thee may guardian powers their vigils keep!
How little dost thou know,
Whilst leaning on thy nurse's breast,
Or in thy mother's arms carest,
The high important toils 'tis thine to undergo!

Yet not with mind undisciplin'd, untaught,
Shalt thou the mighty weight of nations bear:
Lo! GEORGE with every bright perfection fraught!
Whose fond paternal care
Shall pour upon thy mind fair virtue's ray,
Himself point out her path, and lead the well-known way.

While Eastern tyrants found their right
On conquest, and oppressive might,
He shall instruct thee with sublimer soul
The raging lust of empire to controul;
That kings are God's vicegerents, by kind heav'n,
Protectors, fathers, to their subjects given,
Wide to diffuse o'er all mankind
Those joys th' eternal Sire for all design'd.

Oh! may the heavens propitious shed
Each blessing on thy sacred head!
Where'er upon the foamy tide
In days to come thy fleets shall ride;
For thee, and for dear freedom's right,
Where'er thy veteran bands shall fight,
(As now by thy illustrious fire,
O'erthrown by thee, may the proud foe retire;
And spread abroad thy fame from pole to pole,
As far as earth extends, or oceans roll!

But

UNIV. OXONIENSIS.

But still be this of joys the least
 That with warm transports fire th' exulting breast!
 May'ft thou behold in pleasing extacies
 Thy virtues in a grateful nation's eyes :
 And mindful of his power alone,
 Whose high behest uprais'd thee to a throne,
 With pure religion's sacred ardour glow,
 And feel those raptures which from virtue flow !

Hence, when bright morning bids the swain arise,
 Joyful, like him, thy father hails the ray ;
 When ruddy evening paints the western skies,
 Hence gentle slumbers crown his well-spent day,
 Gentle as those that seal thine infant eyes :
 Hence, though her hydra-head proud Faction rear,
 Though on each side the maddening band
 Should hurl destruction through the land,
 Hence would he scorn each servile fear,
 Search his own breast, and view how blameless all was there.

O'er the foul carcase with discordant voice,
 Infatiate, birds obscene rejoice ;
 To heav'n th' imperial eagle wings his flight ;
 Tow'ring beyond the ken of mortal fight
 He drinks exulting the pure streams of light :
 Oh ! little know the base and groveling crew,
 Whilst narrow self bounds every view,
 The godlike joys that fire the truly great ;
 They, independent of their fate,
 With high, superior scorn look down
 On treacherous fortune's smile or frown ;
 Fair virtue still is their's, however low their state.

GRATULATIO

Of her pure transports unpossess'd,
Midst all th' allurements of luxurious ease,
Pining in vain for gentle peace
Ev'n monarchs sigh dissatisfied, unblest'd.
Oh height of woe ! midst every soft delight,
Whilst music sooths the ear, and beauty charms the sight,
To sink beneath the pangs that rend the guilty breast ;
Their rising blushes to restrain,
With the feign'd smile disguise their pain ;
And black with crimes to hear the servile crew
Pour forth the praise alone to virtue due !

But cease, my muse, the strain,
That grates unwelcome on each Briton's ear,
Who now to heav'n prefers (nor be it vain !)
For thee, illustrious babe, his ardent prayer ;
" May'st thou in manhood, void of stain
" Thine infant innocence retain,
" With every grace, with every virtue shine,
" And be thy father's fame surpass'd alone by thine !"

William Henly,

Gentleman Commoner

of Christ Church.

UNIV. OXONIENSIS.

AD REGINAM.

O! tu deliciæ tui GEÖRGI,
Tori splendida gloriæque confors,
Jam mater, CAROLETTA, gratulantes
Musas excipe, marginem vagantur
Quæ circum Ifidis, artium recessus;
Et nuper Tibi nuptiale carmen
Pangebant. Iterum tuos amores
Certatim meditantur, et lubenter
Cessantis citharæ sonos moventes,
Quæ possunt, sua proferunt Sorores
Vestigalia: Te canunt, parentem
Te dicunt, modo virginem vocatam;
Votisque omnibusque prosequuntur
Brunsvici generis novum nepotem,
Nunc spem, mox columnen suis futurum.

Dulces pectora mulceant sopores
Nunc infantia, mox virile virtus
Cor firmet, foliique dignus hæres
Exfurgat; patris æmulus, labores
(Cum sic præcipiet dei voluntas)
Sceptri sustineat; feros tumultus
Belli comprimat; hostiumque victor,
Ut magnus pater, arbiter furentes
Componat populos, Britanniaque
Amor, præsidium, decus fenescat.

Carolus Vere Dashwood,

Aulæ B. M. V.

Sup. Ord. Comment.

GRATULATIO

1.

Blessings on heavn's high king ! His word divine,
Which spoke chaotic darkness into light,
Great GEORGE's mind to virtue's fairer shrine
Obedient call'd, and glory's arduous height :
His soft'ring care, beneath a distant sky,
A beauteous Virgin's purest soul refin'd,
Whose native worth with GEORGE's own might vie,
A softer image of his manly mind :
Through ages then his blessings to convey,
He gave a royal babe to Albion and to Day.

2.

In that blest morn bright Virtue's hallow'd band
Gan jocund strains of melody to pour,
While Science, fix'd of thought, of ready hand,
With choicest honours mark'd the happy hour :
Religion, decent maid with silver zone,
Shot beams of chastest joy from either eye,
And Liberty, best guardian of the throne,
Exultant rais'd her cherub voice on high :
Meanwhile enrag'd Oppression gnaw'd his chain,
And Faction mourn'd for ever lost her revel reign.

3.

And lo ! with hasten'd step and pleasing mein
Fair Peace returns, with all her exile train,
To greet this infant prince ; while heav'n's high queen,
Wisdom yclep'd, by whom earth's monarchs reign,
Her purpose speaks ; the devious paths of youth
Beside, his ductile soul secure to lead
Thro' arduous ways of valour, justice, truth,
Up Science hill to virtue's noblest meed :
His bosom rouse to deeds of high emprise,
And now its youthful ardor praise, and now chastize.

Thus

4.

Thus form'd, Britannia's younger son shall tell
 By deeds of high renown his royal birth,
 While in his self-approving breast shall dwell
 Confess'd his either parent's peerless worth.
 So some fair scyon, rich in gen'rous blood
 Of parent-stem, in wisely-chosen hour
 Transplanted, and improv'd by genuine food
 Of quick'ning heat, and vegetating show'r,
 In earth's dank bosom strikes its fertile root,
 And speaks its goodly origin by kindred fruit.

5.

Then when, mature in age, by heav'n's decree,
 He takes the sceptre from his parent's hand,
 Like him shall rule, by laws benign as free,
 The prince and patron of a grateful land;
 Like him, behold a manly offspring rise
 Proclaim'd by deeds of kindred worth his own,
 Then, full of years, affect his native skies;
 Pleas'd in fair thought to view his righteous throne
 Thro' latest ages in his line descend,
 Nor Brunswic ever but with time and Britain end.

Sam. Dennis, A.B.

Fellow of St. John's Coll.

G R A T U L A T I O

Vidimus fusi nimium cruoris,
 Martis heu ! lufum nimis insolentem ;
 Sat triumphorum patriis referri

Vidimus armis !

Tempus eft, cives miferi, quietem
 Carpere, et tantos minui labores
 Jam decet : victo, temerè quid ultra
 Tenditis, orbe ?

Alma Pax, quando Britonas revifet ?
 Exules quando revocabis artes ?
 O falutari cieas tacentem

Numine mufam !

Fallor ? an demum videor videre
 Jam duces fummos temere otari
 Rure reclines, meritâ revinctos

Tempora fronde ?

Spondet hæc, aufpex melioris ævi,
 Miſſa de cælo foboles — Cupido,
 Fac ſtatim ramos properent olivæ
 Rite palumbes !

Myrteis neſte ô foliis coronam,
 Regiæ ſponſæ nova ferta neſte ;
 Vos et in cunas pueri, Camænæ,
 Spargite flores ;

Qui novum cælis decus additurus,
 Fundet Auguſtus radios, ubi olim
 Julium fidus, nimis heu ! caducum,
 Cedet Olympo.

Ricardus Tayler,

Coll. Oriel. Sup. Ord. Commenſ.

AS o'er the surges of the boundless sea
 The royal vessel plough'd her liquid way,
 Which to Britannia's ever-blissful shore
 Her favourite Queen in stately triumph bore;
 Majestic rising from his oozy bed,
 Propitious Neptune rear'd his awful head;
 The watry train in deep attention hung,
 While thus the trident-shaking monarch sung.

“From thee, bright Princess, shall descend an heir,
 “Great as his sire, and as his mother fair;
 “No more the tumult of the ratling car,
 “Nor all the horror of destructive war,
 “Shall fright the world; but Peace with him shall reign,
 “And bless the labours of th' industrious swain.
 “Too long has War, despotic tyrant, sway'd,
 “Too long has man his lawless pow'r obey'd.
 “See, from the regions of immortal day
 “The white-rob'd goddess wings her airy way,
 “And hovering, stretches in Britannia's land,
 “Best seat of liberty, her olive wand.
 “No more the trumpet's martial sound from far
 “Provokes the fury of the maddening war,
 “Commerce with safety spreads her thousand sails,
 “Triumphant swelling with propitious gales.
 “Ev'n nature's self the genial influence shares,
 “And grateful plenty leads the golden years.
 “See Peace prepares a flowery wreath, to crown
 “Her favourite care, her new-selected son.
 “To thee, great Monarch, I resign my reign,
 “Thine is the boundless empire of the main,
 “To favour thee the blustering winds combine,
 “And all the treasures of the waves are thine.”

He spoke, and stealing from the face of day,
 Descending sunk beneath the watry way.

G R A T U L A T I O

Well-pleas'd the Nereids heard the hoary god,
And hail'd the vessel as she skim'd the flood.
Hail! ever hail! the vocal rocks rebound,
The whispering breezes waft the murmurs round,
And every shore repeats the long-departing sound.

J. Hubbard,
Commoner of Merton Coll.

GEORGÎ, Britannûm præsidium et salus,
Illustre nomen, te prius impigrum
Herôa, Mavortisque fulmen,
Te vigilem populi parentem
Dixere Musæ; nunc fidibus strepunt,
Patris canentes munia te pii
Subire gaudentem, et jugalis
Rite decus thalami tueri.
Ut te juvabit, dum teneras manus
Cervice vestrâ parvulus implicat,
Ut te juvabit fluctuantes
Blanditiis cohibere, sensus!
Ut delibutos ingenuâ jocos
Virtute mox captare, vel ingenî
Vim germinantis, vel notare
Innocuos pueri cachinnos!
Quin jam novenis grata fororibus
Oliva rursus tollitur, et tuo,
Marcelle, sub astro filebit
Horrissoni strepitus duelli.
Te, clara proles, qui dederit, deus
Circumdet idem numine; seriùs
Britanniæ sceptrum reponas,
Seriùs accipias, vovemus.

Joshua Berkeley,
Ædis Christi Alumnus.

U N I V. O X O N I E N S I S.

- I**Nfanti CAROLETTA suo, nutrice remotâ,
 Gaudebat proprias supposuisse manus;
 Cum subito Hispanæ prænuncia signa ruinæ
 Horrendum lætis intonuere sonis;
 Exilit, ingentique fragore exterritus Infans
 Somnia vagitu rupta querente dolet:
 Subrigit puero Mater, gremioque jacenti
 Fusa super, lacrymis oscula mista dabat;
 Atque ita (materno rursus sopita pererrans
 Intuitu ad teneros dum fovet ora sinus)
 “Chare quiesce puer! nec ficta pericula somnos
 “Insolitique vetent continuare metus:
 “Te tua blanda parens eadem et fidissima nutrix
 “(Sed nescis) gremio dulce tuetur onus.
 “Hoc tibi submissi sonitu gratantur Iberi,
 “Hæc sua nascenti fert tibi dona pater.
 “Fortunate! tuis rident circum omnia regnis;
 “Hic profuga e toto constitit orbe quies:
 “Dum loquor, (heu belli casus!) quàm multa per hostes
 “Mater ab incensâ pellitur acta domo,
 “Infantemque fovens trepidum deserta, mariti
 “Cæde sui madidos sternitur ante pedes!
 “Siccine, quos socio jussit coalescere nexu,
 “Queis animos mites dat lacrymasque deus,
 “Excitet ambitio, miserosque in funera cogat
 “Mutua, quæ rabidis cognita nulla feris;
 “Iste novat sibi corda, acuensque effingit ad omnem
 “Sævitiâ præceps exagitata furor.
 “Hæccine, quæ matrem risu agnovisse videntur,
 “Incipient miseris gentibus ora metum?
 “Hæccine, quæ nunc poscit opem studiumque parentis,
 “Stillabit matrum sanguine tincta manus?
 “O prohibete nefas, quibus hæc formanda dabuntur
 “Pectora, deliciis vos prohibete meis!
 “Sint, mea vita, tuæ miseris succurrere laudes;
 “Sit mala quod possit cor aliena pati:

G R A T U L A T I O.

“ Infensi, per te, cocant in fœdera reges ;
 “ Arbitrio fileant bella repressâ tuo ;
 “ Oppida te, te rura colant ! — Tibi, multa per orbem
 “ Fratre foror, conjux sospite læta viro,
 “ Prole beata parens, (ut nunc tua) fausta precetur,
 “ Gaudiaque in charum devocet aucta caput ! ”

Guilielmus Weller Pepys,
Ædis Christi Alumnus.

VIX ritus, Hymenæe, tuos cecinere Camœnæ,
 Et festiva piæ ferta dedere manus ;
 Quin nova progenies in vota laceffere Musas
 Suadet, et amotam sollicitare lyram.
 Alma favet Lucina ; et Dii charissima donant
 Pignora, regalis spemque decusque tori.
 Anglia lætatur ; nascenti Wallia gestit
 Patrono lætos ter geminare sonos.
 Quin videor tenerum spectare infantis honorem ;
 Quàm nitet ingenuo multus in ore decor !
 Sedula percurrit genetrix suavissima vultum,
 Lætaturque patris quod puer instar habet.
 Miratur pater egregium genetricis amorem
 Et natum fido comprimit ipse sinu.
 Interea evolvit regum venientia secla,
 Et qui Brunsvicum stemma manebit honos.
 At risu, sine voce oculisque loquacibus, infans
 Dignum magnanimis se fore spondet avis.
 Maeste animo princeps, sint prospera vota tuorum !
 Musæ patronum te Charitesque vocent.
 Te regem signent belli, te munia pacis ;
 Ad famam et cœlos ex patre disce viam.

Caraſtacus Glaſcott,
Coll. Jesu.

UNIV. OXONIENSIS.

I.

BENEATH an ancient oak, whose boughs diffuse
A gloomy covert from the noon-tide ray,
Loft to the busy world I lay,
And woo'd the Cambrian muse.
Here stones, unknowing of the artist's skill,
The marks of Time's indenting tooth retain,
And rear'd in mystic circles on the hill,
The monuments of Druid-rites remain.
There stately Milford to th' admiring eye
Displays her thousand creeks and ample port;
Yet still, a stranger to fair Trade's resort,
Her solitary waves in useless slumber lie.

II.

In prospect hence Caernarvon's hills arise;
Who, midst a pleasing but terrific scene
Of hanging precipices, shagg'd with thorn,
Of mouldering rocks with tempests worn,
And cataracts that foam between,
Like nature, whelm'd in her own ruins, lies.
Thither the British bands retir'd of old;
And dar'd be free;
There, when defeated in unequal war,
Gloried in honest poverty;
And scorn'd with chains of gold to draw the victor's car.

III.

Old ocean smil'd and smooth'd his ruffled waves;
When, issuing from their coral caves,
The sea-green Nereids form a ring,
And to the concave shell's melodious sound
In antick measures gambol round their king.
Amaz'd I look'd around:

GRATULATION

When lo! in robe of purest white array'd,
A venerable shade
In words like these my warm attention stay'd.

IV.

“ Know that in days of yore,
While life inform'd this active frame,
A priest's and legislator's charge I bore,
Now that of tutelary Genius claim.
Here my tribunal, here mine altar stood,
From whence I gave a sanction to the laws,
Enforc'd religion, pleaded freedom's cause,
And taught that noblest science, to be good.
Yet were our rites with superstition stain'd,
Our laws unform'd, our freedom unrestrain'd.
Now truth divine hath ignorance dispell'd,
And heaven's important will reveal'd.
Now to this happy isle is given
The best the choicest boon of heaven.
Happy who these blessings share,
Where pure religion's cause,
And liberty refin'd by wholesome laws,
Are nurtur'd by a sovereign's pious care.

V.

While others force the way to fame,
Through hills of slain and seas of blood,
GEORGE on a nobler basis builds his claim,
And, to be glorious, first is good.
This day, distinguish'd in the rolls of time,
Extends the prospect of succeeding joys
To Britain's heav'n-defended clime.
The Nymphs of ocean, vying in their mirth,
Already twine the naval crown ;
Yon hills exulting hail their princes birth,
Nor envy years of old renown :

E'en

UNIV. OXONIENSIS.

E'en in this his natal hour
The British troops advance
To fix their ensigns on Havannah's tow'r,
And Spain in tears of blood repents her league with France.

VI.

But War prepares to sheath the sword,
See, tranquil days again restor'd!
Then shall thy prince in arts of peace refin'd,
Beneath the bright example of the throne,
With genuine wisdom early grace his mind,
And shew his father's virtues in his own.
Nor England only shall these blessings boast;
High on yon cliff shall tow'r the threatening fort,
The guard and glory of thy native coast:
Huge fleets shall croud yon long-neglected port,
And Commerce pour with lavish hand
Her treasures o'er the grateful land. —
But hence, my son, and loath inglorious rest;
With early wisdom store thy breast,
And learn from Isis' scientific spring
Thy duty to thy God, thy country, and thy king."

Richard Philipps,

Son of Sir *John Philipps* Bart.

Gent. Com. of Pemb. Coll.

G R A T U L A T I O

UNanimes inter musas, festosque tumultus,
 Nostra nec erubuit filvis prodire Thalia,
 Ut referat divûm sobolem ; licèt æmulus ardor
 Præpediat linguam, atque incondita carmina promat.

Nascitur illustri de stirpe haud degener infans ;
 Nascitur, et fidei libertatique futurus
 Præsidio, sceptri laus, Angligenûmque triumphus :
 Qualem Roma olim tranquillâ pace regentem
 Viderat Augustum ; qualemque Britannia pridem
 Mirata est atavum, laudis saturem atque dierum ;
 Qualem læta videt Patrem : Pater unicus omni
 Sufficit exemplo ; cujus vestigia tantum
 Vel longinqua sequi proh quanti principis esset !
 Hauriat hinc sanctas justî moderaminis artes,
 Hinc petat exemplum, quali virtute regendus
 Orbis erit, quali gentes frænentur habenâ.

Tuque, auguste puer, non tantum limina Jani
 Clausa coles, pacisque artes mirabere molles,
 Te primis etiam finget Bellona sub annis ;
 Et teneram accendet mentem, Martisque docebit
 Dura rudimenta, et rigidi studia aspera belli :
 Ingens ipsa docebit opus, quo fidera possis
 Ire super, tantoque aliquid dare sanguine dignum.

Quid non de tali puero præfagiat augur,
 Vitales CAROLETTA parens quem misit in auras,
 Partem animæ ingentis tribuit cui Cæsar ? Ab illâ
 Multa venus puero, et divinæ gratia formæ ;
 At genitor menti virtutem afflavit, et ignem
 Miscuit ingenio nati, patriumque vigorem ;
 Ne quo forte modo, cum quondam sæva requirerent
 Bella virum, et trepidas terrebit buccina matres ;
 Ille labans animo compostâ pace quiescat :
 Sed potius per signa volans, atque ære coruscus,
 Hortetur turmas, et equo delatus in hostes
 Ostendat bello quid possit vivida virtus.

U N I V. O X O N I E N S I S.

Maſte eſto, auſpiciis princeps felicibus orſe,
 Et ſuperes virtute genus; ſit nullus avorum,
 Stemmate de tanto Britonum qui ſceptra tulere,
 Faciſis ſplendidior; nec ſis patre mox minor illo
 In ſua qui Gallos jam nunc mandata coerſet:
 Ipſe adeo diviſ poſtquam miſcebitur olim,
 (Vos magna interea producite ſtamina Parcæ)
 Suſcipe non indignus aviti munia regni,
 Et rege ſubjectum patriis virtutibus orbem.

Tho. Goodinge,
 Coll. Trin. Scholaris.

VOTIS piorum numina principum
 Gaudent ſecundos annuere exitus,
 Æquique cultores honeſtos
 Progenie ſimili beare.
 Poſt ſe rejecit triſtitiam et metus,
 Amplexa fidæ pignus amabile
 CHARLOTTA flammæ, nec dolorum
 Plus meminit, puero recepto.
 Quanta O voluptas pectora regia,
 Pervafit omnem quanta Britanniam,
 Ortum intuentem, dulce feri
 Præſidium columenque ſeculi!
 Celfam replevit non Priami domum
 Nafcens Iulus lætitiâ pari,
 Trojæve ſolamen ruentis
 Hectorea Aſtynax propago.
 Quid ſi nec infans vividus anguium
 Cunas petentum guttura preſſerit?
 Saltus Lycæos nec relinquens
 Agmen apum in roſeis labellis

G R A T U L A T I O

Somno soluti penfile federit?
 Surgentis altam principis indolem
 Materna virtus et paterna
 Augurio potiore firmant.
 Rifu parentes incipe noscere,
 Rifuſque dulces parvule reddere,
 Mox facta majorum recensens
 Aggredere egregios honores.
 Jam nunc revolvens excidium Cubæ,
 Auſtamque nato Brunſviciam domum,
 Deponit acres corde flammæ
 Herculeæ dominus columnæ,
 Trucemque vultum et verba minantia.
 Quid vana juvit pangere fœdera?
 Quid marte gentem provocare
 Illicito ſuperis placentem;
 Cui largiuntur divitias, decus,
 Prolemque regum, atque omnia proſpera?
 Curant nec ultrà dii caducam
 Borbonidum reparare famam.
 Summiſſa pacem poſcat Iberia;
 Percuſſa multo funere Gallia,
 Nec fraude nec vi diruendos,
 Poſcat amicitiam Britannos.

Robertus Shuttleworth,

Æd. Chriſti

Sup. Ord. Commenſ.

THough distant far from Isis' honour'd banks,
 Haunt of the Muses, mid the files of war,
 By Severn's stately stream, the vigorous youth
 Of Cambrian hills I train to feats of arms;
 Yet when the voice of loyalty resounds
 O'er Isis' banks, my breast congenial burns
 To join the tuneful choir, and, grateful, blend
 Amid their laurel-wreath my slender bay.

Hail to the month, from great Augustus nam'd !
 A new Augustus rises, born to crown
 Thy golden days with lustre not their own.
 Tho' thy short reign is mark'd by glorious deeds,
 Deeds far excelling those which fame records
 On breathing brass, or in harmonious song ;
 Tho' British standards o'er Havannah's towers
 Exulting blaze ; tho' Spain's proud argosies
 Shall waft Potosi's mines to Albion's shore :
 Yet not the glittering spoils of vanquish'd worlds,
 The shouts of conquest, or triumphal song,
 Touch with such rapturous joy Britannia's sons,
 Or call from filial love such loud acclaim.

When o'er the camp the gladsome tidings ran,
 Sprung from the bards, or else of Merlin's line,
 A youth extatic snatch'd the British harp,
 Across his shoulders flung, in transport wild,
 And thus, prophetic, warbled to the string :
 " Behold, a royal olive-branch displays
 " It's blooming foliage, and it's head uprears
 " In infancy majestic, fresh and fair,
 " To shade and grace alike the conscious realm :
 " Omen of peace ! Nor be that omen vain !"
 He said ; applauding shouts the welkin rend ;
 And still their echoes vibrate on my ear ;
 " Omen of peace ! Nor be that omen vain !"

G R A T U L A T I O

Pleas'd I revisit then thy sacred seats,
 Lov'd Rhedycina, and the Muse's dome
 By fam'd Philippa nurtur'd, and by queens
 From fam'd Philippa to late CAROLINE,
 And, CHARLOTTE, now by thee, blessing supreme!
 The drum's inspiring din, and the shrill fife
 Awhile forgot, I string the lyre anew,
 To softer notes attun'd and sweet accord,
 For young Augustus and the op'ning bloom
 Of beauty; but his growing virtues more
 (The joyful earnest of another GEORGE,
 Another patriot king, to bless the land,
 My honest zeal shall chaunt in artless lays:
 While polish'd LITCHFIELD o'er the arts presides,
 That in those fields of science bud and bloom,
 Sprung from one parent-stock of liberty;
 Whom still he seeks with constant step and true,
 Firm in his country's and his prince's love:
 Thrice happy union of the arts of peace! —
 But should encroaching war the sword demand,
 Thy Cambro-Britons, bold unconquer'd race,
 In faithful bands shall guard their darling prince,
 (Belov'd as in their own Caernarvon born,)
 Proud to protect, but prouder to obey.

Edmund Thomas,

Son of Sir *Edmund Thomas* Bart.

Gent. Com. of Queen's Coll.

U N I V. O X O N I E N S I S.

W H E N gracious heav'n Britannia's scepter'd youth
Gave to the praises of unflattering truth,
Pleas'd we beheld where every virtue shone,
To grace the man, or dignify a throne.
Next CHARLOTTE came; a pure celestial mind,
Cloath'd in the brightest form of woman-kind.
No Muse was absent, that with sweetest voice
Could sing the monarch's heaven-directed choice:
Nor Graces ceas'd to wind the mazy round
To varied measures of harmonious sound.
Shall then the same fair train regardless shun
The natal hour of Freedom's first-born son?
Rather prolong the undissembled mirth
Of patriot souls, to hail th' auspicious birth;
That birth which gives the sovereign's anxious breast
From tumults, wars, and strife, a pause of rest.
Pleas'd shall he check the rising thoughts of care,
The unremitting bliss of nations share,
And view with dear delight their promis'd heir.

Britons, the scene of ages past explore,
And learn a lesson of prophetic lore.
See how our race of motley kings advance
In weak succession, as confus'd by chance.
Then trace with piercing eye our GEORGE's line,
Where worth and virtue unextinguish'd shine.
From sire to son the happy lesson taught,
With rapid flame the honest zeal is caught.
Say, shall the fair example still remain?
Long in the breasts of English monarchs reign?
It shall, un sullied; and to deathless fame
Shall ages yet unborn consign the name.

Robert Morris,
Gent. Com. of Oriel Coll.

GRATULATION

TO THE KING.

BLeft monarch ! on whose ever-prosp'rous brows
 Propitious heaven its choicest gifts bestows ;
 Whilst conquest spreads her wings around thy throne,
 And glory fondly marks thee for her own ;
 Whilst heaven-born peace still waits the train to close,
 And every restless weary care compose !
 Nor long shall wait — even now kind heaven conveys
 The pledge of love to sooth thy peaceful days.
 These are thy joys, to lead the tender mind,
 And teach it wisdom's mazy path to find,
 Watchful o'er every step ; for thou wilt own
 The worth of every gift thy breast has known.
 Whate'er rude nature sketches out, 'tis thine
 With studious care to strengthen and refine ;
 Her brightest spark neglected fades and dies,
 Nurs'd by the muse it blazes to the skies.
 Nor seeks thy soul, by purest virtue led,
 That victory's crown alone adorn thy head ;
 Fierce war alone ne'er fill'd the hero's mind
 Fixt on the glorious end to bless mankind :
 He knows those laurels only ne'er decay
 Which first provoke, then wipe the tear away.
 'Tis not enough that heaven's dread bolt should fly,
 And purge from vapours the distemper'd sky ;
 The boist'rous storms whene'er they pass away
 Leave the bright sunshine of a better day.
 Even whilst o'er Europe fell destruction's hurl'd,
 And war's dread horrors shake the troubled world ;
 Say, Briton, does the din assault thine ear ?
 Say do'st thou feel the shock of hostile fear ?
 Fair plenty reigns, and honour crowns thy name ;
 War thou know'st only from the voice of fame.

And

U N I V. O X O N I E N S I S.

And thou, whom heaven has granted to our prayers,
Still to prolong the good thy fire prepares,
A subject's virtues claim thine early care,
First learn a crown to merit, then to wear.
And, O young prince, (kind heaven remove that hour
When God to thee shall delegate his pow'r;))
Whate'er in each subjected sphere may shine,
'Tis thine in one to center and combine :
The hand of bounty studious to apply
Where'er remote fair science' son may lie :
Nor patient see the Muse's heavenly plant
Nipp'd and decay'd by the cold hand of want.
Let not the bard, to poverty a prey,
Warble secure his solitary lay ;
He can requite thee, can dispense the meed
Of deathless praise that crowns the generous deed :
But chief, should any soul, to high emprise
And publick service worthy found to rise,
Shine forth illustrious ; make his worth thine own,
And fix distinguish'd merit near thy throne.
Blest prince ! whose future glory to portend,
Peace, conquest, empire on thy birth attend !
Nor thou from virtue's paths shall devious stray,
Example, best instruction, points the way :
Look on thy fire — then mark where glory leads,
And firmly fix thy steps wheree'r he treads.

John Carver,

Commoner of Oriel College.

G R A T U L A T I O

CUR inter resonos filet tumultus,
 Nec festiva melos ciet Camœna?
 Pendentem refugit quid usque dextra
 Et pulsare lyram, et movere cantus?
 Augustum timet illa fors poetæ
 Indigni numeris adire regem.
 At candor tuus ille, magne princeps,
 Ignoscet citharæ parum scienti;
 Cum nec Musa tuum potest tacere,
 Nec dignè didicit sacrare nomen,
 GEORGÎ, qui populo prius beato
 Plausus materiem novam dedisti:
 Nam fecit CAROLETTA te parentem
 Tanto digna viro, suamque prolem
 Jam curis vacuumque, regique
 Ignaram generis, sinu jacentem
 Mulcet follicito, putatque blando
 Virtutes puero tuas inesse.
 Salve, chare puer, tuoque quondam,
 Ut nunc præsidio patris, recumbat,
 Dum laudes celebrat tuas, Camœna!
 Stillantes nimio cruore lauros
 Deponant Britones, caputque oliva
 Tollat languidulum, diuque vernet!
 Tuque olim, puer auspicate, pacem
 Præstes Angligenis, saturque famæ
 Quæsitum meritis petas Olympum!

Ricardus Jacobus Lawrence,

Aulæ B. M. V.

Sup. Ord. Commens.

U N I V. O X O N I E N S I S.

A Mica Juno partubus nunc anxias
 Secundat Angliæ preces ;
 Dignata lecti regii concordiam,
 Dignata Britonum fidem,
 Britanniaëque nobiles victorias,
 Firmare dulci pignore.
 Nunc facta mater sedulis infantulum
 Gestit fovere brachiis
 CHARLOTTA, et importuna blandientibus
 Miscere dictis oscula :
 Dum suave pondus membra devinctum jacet
 Placidissimis soporibus ;
 Nec excitatur classicorum murmure,
 Nec hostium horrescit minas.
 O somne dulcis, subdolum solatium
 Deformis ægrimoniam,
 Infantis otiosa mulces lumina
 Vi blandulâ papaverum ;
 Ultro quietis prodigus ! patris tamen
 Contemnis irritas preces.
 Nullum a laboribus reclinat otium
 Turbata GEORGÎ pectora.
 Flet pervicacem Galliæ superbiam,
 Vanos et Hispani dolos ;
 Flet civium tropæa tincta sanguine. —
 At O favens mortalibus
 Tranquilla Pax ostendat aureum jubar !
 Seniori pectore
 Tandem requirat GEORGIUS domesticæ
 Felicitatis munia !
 Tandem parentem gratus occupet labor
 Nati indolem componere
 Curâ fideli : jura belli seu juvet,
 Seu curiæ sententias

G R A T U L A T I O

Referre. Tandem patriis virtutibus
 Paterna sceptrâ dirigat
 Hæres, (procul quod O faceſſat!) Angliæ
 Tutela, ſpes, columen, decus!

Philippus Baker,
 Æd. Chriſt. Sup. Ord. Commenf.

SAlve magna dies! quam læta Britannia jaſtat
 Eſſe ſuam; hanc albo Britones numerare lapillo
 Olim gaudebant; nec nunc clamore minori
 Augurium accipiunt: montes et ſaxa reſultant
 Conſcia lætitia; et ſævus procul audiit Indus.
 Te, dilecte puer, patriæ tutela futura,
 Sollicitæ indulſit tandem Latonia genti.
 Quo veniente ferox Gallus non furgit in arma,
 Incola non Iſtri; lethalia bella quieſcunt,
 Arvaque mutatus gladius mirantia frangit,
 Dum pax alma tuis cunis prætendit olivam.
 Tuque infans facili riſu cognoſcere matrem
 Incipe, dum mixtos referent pulchra ora parentes,
 Qui thalami fœdus ſummis virtutibus ornant.
 Integer ætatis, patrias imitaberis artes,
 Extendes dextram miſeris, propriumque vocabis
 Angligenum ſanctas leges et jura tueri.
 Nulla mali commenta doli, ſpecioſa tyrannis,
 Mentibus illudent Britonum; ſed pura manebit
 Relligio patrum, multos ſervanda per annos.
 Jam celebrent artes, tuta et commercia, gentes,
 Læta trium fuſis decurrant ſecula fororum,
 Inque aurum priſcum redeant jam tempora; charæ
 Libertatis honos niteat per regna GEORGI,
 Accipiatque preces leni deus aure Britannum,
 “Stet fortuna domûs, et avi numerentur avorum.”

Petrus Gunning Oriël. Coll. Commenf.

Time-honour'd Isis, and renowned Cam
 Still see the laurel'd Muse beside their streams
 Roam ever mindful of her loyal task.
 Whether the sorrow o'er the Mighty fall'n
 In strains expressive of the soul-felt grief,
 Or paint the nuptial scene, or now proclaim
 With gratulating lay a new-born prince.
 Nor here alone, where wisdom justifies
 The raptur'd heart, prevails the patriot joy.
 The grateful tidings glad the jocund swains;
 Blythe leap their hearts, and 'round the maypole, deckt
 Anew with garlands, they in chearful dance
 Trip lightly to the sound of shepherd's pipe.
 The rural veteran underneath his vine
 The cup of freedom quaffs, blessing the reign
 Of patriot GEORGE; and whilst his infant train
 Play 'round his knee, unconscious of the cause
 Whence glows the lustre in their parent's eye,
 "And you, my babes, he cries, in after times
 "Shall view with extasy a patriot prince."
 Meantime the warrior, who in freedom's cause
 Feels unremitting fires, what time he hears
 His Britain gloried in another GEORGE,
 Eager in th' edge of battle, when the drum
 Heart-stirring, and the clarion wakes the fight,
 Clenches with starting nerves his glist'ring sword,
 And rushes to the conflict — GEORGE's name
 Provokes the manly combat: hark! I hear
 The British cannon in the troubled air
 Wing'd with dire vengeance: thro' the new-made breach
 Methinks I see the sons of Freedom march
 With hasty strides to victory and fame.
 Now may Bellona drop her war-worn lance
 Glutted with desolation; for alas
 Too many thousands fill the tomb, who wish'd

G R A T U L A T I O

In social ease to end their lengthened days.
 How vain their hopes — the iron hard of war
 Scatter'd their corse on th' ensanguin'd plain.
 But other scenes await the praiseful muse,
 And bid her wind afresh the sounding chords.
 The sovereign word is pass'd — and peace descends.
 See at her high behest war's troubled sea,
 Which lately bore upon it's billowy wave
 The wreck of nations, sink into a calm —
 See on the stream where unaffrighted Nymphs,
 Daughters of commerce, from their pearly caves,
 Disporting hear the rapture-breathing shell
 By their slight fingers touch'd : hark ! how they sing
 Thy praises, honour'd GEORGE, with hymning voice
 Sing thee large-hearted, with extensive zeal
 Inflam'd to public virtue ; while they wish
 In rich profusion to thy royal babe
 Each heav'nly virtue, transcript of thine own,
 Whose early-bright example shall instruct
 Kings yet unborn to form the patriot plan.
 When thou shalt scrutinize with holy zeal
 The secret crimes that stain a guilty land,
 Then shalt thou thus bespeak thy fleets ; “ Go forth ;
 And where your streaming honours have been hail'd
 By distant nations, bear that sacred name
 At which with lowly reverence I bow.”
 Then shall recording angels character
 Thy blazon'd name among the deathless kings
 Who on eternal truth their glory rais'd —
 And thou, exalted high amid thy peers
 On fainted feats, shalt shine thro' endless time.

George Butt,
 Student of Christ Church.

WHile by the side of Isis' sedge stream
 Inspired bards attune the Attic lyre
 To sounds harmonious: me, awhile retir'd
 From calm philosophy and pensive thought
 To Lindum's once-fam'd walls, the jocund train
 Sporting in youthful round, invite to mirth
 And festive jollity. What tho' nor plains
 Where glides the smooth Peneus' glassy flood,
 Stealing in flow meander through the vale
 Of verdant Tempe, nor Scamander's rills,
 Nor Cydnus gently-moving, erst could boast
 Of fairer nymphs, than those which ever grace
 Slow Witham's course; yet shall not these detain
 Th' ambitious youth, who, emulous of praise,
 Weaves the untutor'd lay, which nature prompts,
 Nature the voice of truth. — 'Tis when the star
 Of dawning eve, and crimson clouds display
 The sun fast verging to Hesperian climes;
 Fair contemplation maid of heavenly birth,
 Pleas'd with the silence of approaching night,
 Opes to the musing mind the varied page
 Of ancient legend, or recorded truths
 Of history unfolds. With glancing eye
 Now thrones and pryncedoms views, and ruthless times
 Of sad confusion; when ambition, big
 With furious rage, and tyrants trampling laws
 Rous'd sleeping vengeance, rous'd some patriot band
 Resolv'd to live or die with liberty.

Fairer to view I trace the glowing paths
 Of Edward's glorious reign: o'er Gallia's fields
 How storm his soldiers! How in order range
 His firm united squadrons! There he saw
 His warlike son gath'ring eternal fame,

G R A T U L A T I O

The conqueror's meed : expression found not vent :
He saw, and wept in tears of ecstasy.

Yet not in pompous triumphs, nor renown
Of hostile deeds, nor in the flatt'ring joys
Elated victors feel, or pleasure dwells
Or greatness; but refining from the strains
Of popular applause, the sage perceives
By reason's purer lamp, much still remains
To character the good and great. — The soul
That nobly breathes one still serene of bliss
Unruffled, conscious all it meditates
Is for the public weal, (whom not the sweets
Of flattery's enchanting bowl seduce
From virtue's steady paths, nor sensual lusts
Sink in voluptuous meaner joys) deserves
That praise. — But on whose brows shall merit place
It's ever-blooming crown, unless on thine,
Illustrious prince, whose earliest rule displays
Virtues that well become th' experienc'd head
Grown gray in years? For thee the patriot's breast
With heart-exulting transports glows : for thee
The hind, careless of want, since plenty crowns
His crowded simple board, enjoying life
In full security of rustic peace
And home-bred native joys, to heav'n pours forth
In silent gratitude his pious soul.

How could the ling'ring muse anticipate
Those future scenes, when you with all the care
Of fond parental tenderness shall ope
The bloom of youth, the high capacious pow'rs,
Which fill the soul, unlock ; and see, well-pleas'd,
Progressive virtue dawn ; the mists of sense
(Whose grosser medium cheats th' unwary mind
With false perspective) from the rising beams

U N I V. O X O N I E N S I S.

Of majesty retire. — For what are all
The pomp of rule, the nobleness of birth,
Or glitt'ring pride, or honour's pageantry,
Where truth's energetic pow'rs, where temp'rance, love,
Blend not their genial influence, but vain charms
Which satiate soon, and pall the languid sense?

Yet is there aught so fair, so wondrous fair,
So lovely seen thro' nature's peerless works,
Thro' all the rich variety of art,
As when the social virtues deck the throne,
And grace the seat of majesty? 'Tis then
The cloister'd sage in admiration rapt
Joins the applause of fame, and hails the prince
For virtue justly honour'd. — Say what else,
When heaven has call'd thee to itself; when grief
Flowing sincere, and sorrowing anguish mourns
Thee lost; what else can sooth affliction's pangs,
Stop the big tear that starts from ev'ry eye,
But this, their solace; that the son of GEORGE,
Great in his father's virtues, greater still
In his own fame resplendent, wears the crown
Of Albion's isle, blest seat of liberty!

Humphrey Sibthorp,

Scholar of C. C. C.

G R A T U L A T I O

Alterno versans motu cunabula, tales
 Infanti cecinit fida ministra modos.
 "Dormis, blande puer, circumscriptusque quiescis
 Finibus angustæ, magna propago, domûs.
 Nec te regnandi capit importuna libido,
 Nec sensus folii splendida cura movet.
 Nulla Voluptatis, speciosâ fraude renidens,
 Provocat ad vetitum vis malefuada nefas.
 Non vana effuso clamore Licentia gaudens
 Vulnerat auriculas seditiosa tuas.
 Sed requie placidâ perfusus membra, sopori
 Leniter arrides, ambitione minor.
 Ast olim adveniet tempus, cum te quoque pompæ
 Splendor, et imperii triste gravabit onus;
 Sollicitusque timor partos servare triumphos
 Coget, et hostiles pellere marte minas:
 Dum tibi servitium quærens imponere, tetra
 Pestis adulantes fasque nefasque movent;
 Et ficto obsequio mentem illaqueare virilem,
 Sirenium ritu, turba dolosa studet.
 At fidus documenta pater stillabit, et istos
 Fallere suadebit, se præeunte, dolos.
 Tu modo consilium facili, puer, aure paternum
 Arripe, et attento pectore dicta bibas.
 O quàm CHARLOTTAM teneras tibi fingere voces,
 Et prima infantis verba notare juvat!
 Ut juvat et fessio tibi, sed tamen usque loquaci,
 Exigua in molli ponere membra toro!
 Dum pede suspensio furtim subducta, quietem
 Dilecti pueri sollicitare vetat.
 Hanc semper requiem carpas ô, curaque somnos
 Nulla tuos rumpat, parvule, nulla dies."

J. Crawley,

Coll. Magd. Sup. Ord. Commens.

U N I V. O X O N I E N S I S.

REgia ut nutrix graviter querentem
 Senferat mistis lachrymis puellum,
 Spem Britannorum, et decus utriusque

Dulce parentis ;

Dexteram quassât, simul et loquacem
 Addidit nutum, tenerosque planctus
 Suaviter mulcens, placido fefellit

Carmine curas.

“ Tene, quem, fidus meliore natum
 Omine, arrecti celebrant Britanni,
 Hos triumphanti patriæ vicissim

Reddere fletus ?

Tene, cui junctis precibus salutem

Unicè poscunt, miserum dolere ?

Tolle vagitus, nimiosque quæso

Comprime luctus.

Comprime, et votis bona quæ rogamus

Numina, ô risu incipias fateri,

Nescius qui te maneant triumphi,

Quanta tropæa.

Dii tibi donent, puer invidende,

Gratiam, et famam, vegetosque sensus :

Nostra nec vano repetita perdas

Gaudia questu.”

Audiit, victusque sono quievit ;

Poscit et lætus crepitacula — ast hæc,

Omine arrepto, “ Cape, dixit : olim

Sceptra capeffes.”

Jacobus Davies,

Coll. Linc. Sup. Ord. Commens.

GRATULATION

ODE TO THE GENIUS OF SNOWDON.

Genius of that mountain old
Whose antient chiefs in battle bold
Against assailing tyrants stood,
And pour'd to liberty their blood ;
Thou, who, on thy Snowdon's height,
Oft at the grey approach of night
Observest many a mailed ghost,
Leaders once of Cambria's host,
Proudly stalking o'er the heath ;
Llewellyn, greatest in his death ;
And David, faithful by his side,
With whom his country's freedom dy'd ;
And murder'd Bards, who smear'd with gore
Ascend from dreary Arvon's shore ;
And all assembling in a ring
With taunts defy that ruthless King,
Whose fated offspring felt the curse
Denounc'd in sage prophetic verse :
Genius of that mountain old,
At length your plaintive woes withhold :
And let each fierce indignant form,
That mutters to the midnight storm,
Your empire lost no more bewail,
But bid returning glory hail.
Sprung from a long descent of kings
The pledge of freedom CHARLOTTE brings ;
The pledge of freedom, to endure
To latest ages, firm and pure.
Then hail the year, and hail the morn ;
When this your genuine prince was born. —

Genius

U N I V. O X O N I E N S I S.

Genius of that mountain old,
 To whom that wisard * prophet told
 The fatal changes in thy doom,
 Of strife and battles yet to come :
 Thy free-born sons, thy martial land
 Subject to many a tyrant's hand :
 'Till late a monarch great and wise
 From Britain's parent earth should rise,
 Should rise your empire to restore
 Far beyond it's antient power —
 Genius of that mountain old,
 At length your promis'd king behold !
 Conquest and fame he gives again
 To Britain's still unrival'd plain.
 Snowdon, behold your pride restor'd !
 No more you feel oppression's sword.
 And hark, with joy your mountain rings,
 The darling pledge while CHARLOTTE brings ;
 The pledge of freedom, to endure
 To latest ages, firm and pure :
 Then hail the year and hail the morn,
 When this your genuine prince was born.

* Merlin.

J. Ballard,

Fellow of New College.

From the verse-inspiring groves,
 From the meads where Clio roves
 Near Isis' osier'd stream,
 Where late to hail thy nuptial day
 The Muses fram'd the votive lay,
 When Hymen was their theme ;

GRATULATION

Again the fons of Science pour
Affection's warm endearing lore,
 Again their harps employ ;
Say, happy prince, what gentle muse
Will the fair meed of verse refuse
 To consecrate thy joy ?

Favour'd of heav'n ! 'tis thine to prove
The real bliss of virtuous love,
 A parent's pleasing care :
To grant thy offspring length of days
In holy hope Religion prays,
 And Albion joins the pray'r.

O joy beyond expression sweet !
From splendid mis'ry to retreat
 To scenes supremely blest ;
To view the lovely royal fair
Gaze fondly on her infant care,
 Then fold him to her breast !

O be it, GEORGE, thy boast and pride
Parental duty to divide,
 His tender mind to rear :
Teach him for honest fame to glow,
To sympathize with human woe,
 And shed the social tear.

So shall the nations bless thy care,
Religion pour her ardent pray'r,
 Applaud thy virtuous plan ;
So shall his ev'ry action tend
To shew himself, like you, the friend
 Of Britain and of Man.

T. Luntley, Fellow of St. John's Coll.

UNIV. OXONIENSIS.

AD REGINAM.

CHARLOTTA, quo Camæna nomen dulcius
 Haud jaçtat ullum, nec suis jucundius,
 Seu te GEORGÎ concinat sociam tui,
 (Regni ô torique particeps) libentiusve
 Alma invidendæ prolis audias parens,
 Britannicque sospitatrix imperi;
 Quot vota solvit Anglia, in tuam anxie
 Inhians salutem! quæ referta in patriam
 (Vix hæc merentem) contulisti pignora
 Amore fido dum studet rependere,
 Vestigal en! proclivis obsequii ferens.

Ex quo, relinquens patrii fines soli,
 Huc advolâsti, mille tecum gratias
 Ducens, frequentem prænitens inter chorum;
 Sperare multa protinus Britannia,
 Spondere de te multa — tu non irritam
 Hanc spem dedisti: cernis ut victoriis
 Cumulum triumphos gaudet hos accedere
 Sponsus beatus; gaudet haud illo minus
 Partem colonus ipse lætitiæ ferens,
 Et pocla libat, sponte jam voti reus?

Salve, parentes inter insignis parens!
 Tandem patronum conspicata Cambria
 Cunis ab ipsis petere ad imperium viam,
 Fictique sceptri parva ferre pondera,
 Miratur insueti vices spectaculi,
 Et magnus, inquit, annus en! iterum redit,
 Pacem reducens, pacis atque munera.

Atque ô, jugalis pignus isthoc fæderis
 Dum regiæ concordiam firmat domûs,
 Cives eodem jungat usque vinculo!
 Britonesque discant, Esse primum militis,
 Hosti imperare, munus; alterum, sibi.

Guilielmus Wheatley, Coll. Magd. Sup. Ord. Comment.

G R A T U L A T I O

WITH joyous found of gratulation due
 Each tow' red city and each rural hill
 Refounded wide ; and now the pleasing tale
 Had reach'd Eugenio : he far distant liv'd
 In a lone vale sequest'ring, 'long whose side
 He oft was wont at eve or morn to wind
 His pensive way, and, as he walk'd, would court
 Calm contemplation. Much he there convers'd
 With nature and her works, and much revolv'd
 Of moral and divine, but yet not least
 Of happiness, theme of best musing high,
 And worthiest of man ! mistaken oft
 For fancy's coinage, counterfeit and false,
 Gay shapes and semblances, unreal all
 As shadows fleeting with the morn. Nor much
 He reck'd of what men greatest call or best,
 Nought true discerning ; but, as fashion leads,
 By shew exterior, measuring good and ill.
 Thus they unweeting judge, following the herd,
 Misled. " All otherwise (he said) I deem
 Of happiness ; not found in arched roofs
 Of gorgeous palaces, but oftener seen
 Under the shelter of some straw-built cott,
 With rustic swain sojourning : him she leads
 Each morn up hill or opening lawn, 'midst sound
 Of birds melodious, and the bleating noise
 Of many a fold ; and helps the livelong day
 To cheer with song or pipe, while he, beneath
 Tall whispering pines, or high o'ershadowing oaks
 Embow' red, his rude task plies 'till eventide :
 Then as by fits he hears a neighbouring brook
 Hoarse-brawling 'mong the rocks, he upward looks
 And blesses heav'n. Meantime he lives unknown
 To cares of royalty, and sharp-pointed thorns

Wreathing

U N I V. O X O N I E N S I S.

Wreathing a crown : which, while it seems to gild,
 Sore galls the head that wears it ; dazzling bright,
 And specious seen by vulgar ken, but, view'd
 Thro' reason's glafs, envy's high-towering mark,
 Or the worfe butt of pois'nous flatterers.
 Yet I not blame heaven's ruling will, and wife
 Difpofe, which, ftill from all educing good,
 Of virtuous tryal fair occafion gives
 And greater glory, how much more true worth
 To venom'd darts lies obvious, when fix'd
 In high preeminence. Thus the bleft foul,
 That once was Charles below, but now enthron'd
 In everlafting feats, the brighter rofe
 From mifery's whelming flood, and midft the waves
 Of sorrow rode fuperior, till heaven's fhore
 It gain'd. So much did virtue fsmooth the path
 Of diftrefs'd royalty ! And foon (for fhe
 Has power alike to arbitrate events
 Or prop'rous or adverfe) fhall fteer thy fteps
 Thro' better fortunes, GEORGE, and lead them on
 From infancy and youth to manhood's hill.
 Whence looking back with calm eye thou may'ft view
 Each dubious fcene ; and as thou ftill declin'ft
 With tottering foot adown the Slope of age
 To death's dank vale, may'ft each day fay, I've liv'd."

William Beckman,

Gentleman Commoner

of Brafenofe College.

G R A T U L A T I O

QUOT clara dudum, te duce, gesserit
 Miles, GEORGÎ, mente Britannia
 Lætâ revolvens, hæc locuta est,
 Fronde caput redimita lauri.
 “En! mole quantâ in sidera tollitur
 Virtus Britannûm, nescia deprimi!
 En, ut secundo devehuntur
 Flumine cuncta, favente cælo!
 Splendens coronæ insignibus, audio
 Regina rerum, gentium et arbitra;
 Utroque devictis sub axe,
 Jam mihi fas dare jura Gallis.
 Hæc quo rependam munere? Quæ tibi,
 Tutela mundi, pro meritis tuis
 Sat digna reddam, fama in horas
 Unde mihi renovata crescit?
 Lenire curas sedula, principum
 Quæ corda tangunt, connubio tibi
 Fausto dicavi virginem, cui
 Forma nitens viget et juvenas,
 Et confili vis. Hinc bene mutuo
 Amore fervent pectora conscia,
 Adfunt decentes Gratiaëque,
 Cura quatit celeresque pennas.
 Ut sit perennis gloria, subvenit
 Natus, parentum deliciæ et decus,
 Spes et Britannûm; qui paternâ
 Confilii (nec enim paventem
 Gignunt leones hinnuleum feri)
 Famâ vigebit; qui, patre fulgidos
 In ordines divûm relato,
 Mente pari reget æquus orbem.”

Joannes Taylor,
 Coll. Æn. Naf. Schol.

Felix illa dies, feris dignissima fastis,
 Quæ patribus regem, libertatique patronum
 Brunsvicum dedit, et nunc spem surgentis Iuli.
 Te, GEORGÎ, veniente, sonus per littora fluxit
 Undique lætitiæ: implexæque sororibus Horæ
 Festivos duxerê choros, tenebrasque fugarunt:
 Ecce iterum magnus gaudet procedere mensis;
 Puniceisque investa rotis Aurora colores
 Explicat, et meliorem inducit lucis amictum.
 Nec tibi grata minus lux hæc, sanctissime præsul,
 Cui prolem insignem divini aspergere fontis
 Rore sacro superi, faciles in vota, dederunt,
 Quæque patri imposta est, nato implorare salutem.

Dormi, blande puer; nec tentet rumpere somnos
 Morborum Lethæa cohors: cunabula circum
 Invigilet Britonum genius; te mille periclis
 Eripiens, saluum maturos præstet in annos.
 Ast ubi paulatim crescens adoleverit ætas,
 Exemplum ante oculos ponas imitabile patris,
 Aggrediens magnos bellique et pacis honores.
 Sit, princeps, tibi cura, viget dum læta juvenus,
 Armorum strepitus, sonitusque audire tubarum,
 Stipatas equitum turmas, peditumque catervas
 Instruere; innocui Martis simulacra ciere,
 Adversisque jubere acies concurrere telis.
 Tempus erit, cum pacta fides spernetur, et exul
 Pax fugiet; lugensque Europa pericula belli
 Angliacas acies in prælia justa vocabit;
 Cum Britonum virtus, duce te teque auspice, Princeps,
 Præcipites Gallos patriis excedere terris
 Coget, et Hispanos equitare minoribus agris.
 Quin tibi sit cura ingenuis prætendere olivam
 Artibus, et paci stabilitæ imponere morem.

G R A T U L A T I O

Aspice disiectos quam luget America vicos,
 Dum flectens aciem, vacuos cultoribus agros
 Prospicit, et rivos tabo fluitare recenti.
 Quid memorem fufas acies Aquilonis ab antro,
 Crudeles turmas, et flekti nescia corda ?
 Accipiunt belli solâ de valle tumultum,
 Corripiuntque fugam, uxores : nec segnior instat
 Barbarus ; intentusque novis spoliis rotat ensem
 Fulmineum. Matres nequicquam ad genua volutæ,
 Nequicquam blandi infantes ad pectora rident.

Te veniente, puer, belli teterrima pestis
 Jam fugit, et lufum Mavors deponit iniquum ;
 Certatim augurium Britones venerantur, et omen
 Accipiunt læti ; spondent Saturnia regna,
 Et GEORGÎ fimiles in fecula longa nepotes.

Nicolaus Hornſby,

Coll. Mert, Portionista.

GO, Muſe, and ſweep ſome ſprightlier ſtring ;
 And on thy trembling pinions borne,
 Greet with ſweet ſtrain this ſoftly-smiling morn,
 Whence Britain's brighteſt day ſhall ſpring.
 Lo ! dawning in the orient ſky,
 Yon new-born lamp lights up it's ray,
 And ſoon ſhall climb the ſteepy way ;
 While from it's dew-beſprinkled wings
 It's balmy bleſſings round it flings,
 All as it mounts to it's meridian high.

Whether

U N I V. O X O N I E N S I S.

Whether, as powers divine shall will,
'Tis given with unpolluted blaze
To roll it's kindling car,
And foremost flame among
The axles of the spangled throng;
Or some dark cloud awhile obscure it's rays,
That after it may shed a truer glow,
And for th' eclipse but brighter shew;
Full well, I deem, this infant star
It's race will run, and gain heav'ns topmost hill.

Then thou with aspect mild look down,
Propitious influence, from thy beamy throne;
And if aught still unpurg'd remains
Of foul pollution's hateful stains;
Or darksome mists the pure light foil,
Low brooding o'er this fev'rish isle
With hov'ring wing; the task be thine
To chase the shade, and in the darkness shine.
Nor thou, blest cynosure,
High planted in the starry chime,
Disdain to cheer our drooping clime
With the bright radiance of example pure.
So shall the traveller on this earthly stage
With due eye ken thee riding in thy sphere;
And as he looks, shall learn by thee to steer
His way thro' life's uncertain pilgrimage.

Filmer Honywood,

Second Son of Sir *John Honywood* Bart.

Commoner of Brasenose College.

G R A T U L A T I O

THE matten lark, that soaring high
 With music fills the gladsome sky,
 A genial air inspires :
 To man more noble strains belong ;
 He frames the bold, th' exulting song,
 When warmth extatic fires ;
 Each passion may a different muse employ ;
 Triumphant numbers suit, and were ordain'd for joy.

Come then, fantastic Poesie,
 Enraptur'd, graceful, blythe and free ;
 With Harmony thy friend :
 What heart sincerer transport knows !
 Behold the brightest scenes disclose,
 And blessings still attend
 On dear Britannia ! — Gentle CHARLOTTE, see,
 Full meed of irksome months, the babe that smiles on thee.

When revolving years unfold
 The various beauties of his mind,
 With pleasure shall be told,
 “GEORGE and CHARLOTTE there we find !”
 For well I ween their virtues shall descend :
 Adorn his life and bless his latter end.
 The spotted pard did ne'er bely his race ;
 Nor does the tawny whelp his generous fire disgrace.

William Whalley, A. M.

of Brasenose College.

Π Ἄντων μέγιστε κοίρανων ὑφ' ἥλιος
 Φαει, πὶ μείζον ευτυχές,
 Ἡ ἰδίῳν, ἡ δήμου σκοπέσσιν συμφερῶν,
 Ἡ Μεσσα σοὶ παροφρων γέλοι;
 Θυραζέ νικῶν, ἐνδὸν (ἡδίστον χάρα)
 Τιμαδάμ ἐν δήμῳ δόσαν,
 Καὶ καταδάμ ἀξίαν θρόνον μέτρον θεοί·
 Καί, μὴ πιδ' ευδαιμον δεή,
 Νυν παῖδ' ἐπεμψάν, ἀκρον ἐλπίδων γλῶκ·
 Σὺτ', ὦ βρεφῶ πεφιλημῶν,
 Πατέρῳ αἰετοῦ κωδός, ἠδὲ μητέρῳ·
 Χαίρεσσι τέρψι φιλιππῆς,
 Πασίς τ' ἀγαλμα πατεῖδ' Βρεταννῆς,
 Φαινοῖς τοκῶν ἀξίος
 Ἀπασιν ευχόμεθα θεοῖς· πατρῶ τήν
 Ἀρετὴν ἐγενεθὶ καρδίην
 Εἰς ἐργὰ χαλὰ κ' ἀγαθὰ, τιμὴν, καὶ δίκην,
 Καὶ πρᾶσιπ' ἢ Ζεὺς μέγας
 Μαλίστα χαιρεῖ· ὥστε μὴ ποτε πῶσιμα
 Κλαύσει Βρεταννῆς χαρματα,
 Ἀλλ', ὅταν ἐπαίροις σὺ φίλοις οἶνον χεοί,
 Οὕτως παροσαυθήσει γέρον·
 Οἶαν, Βρεταννοί, τῇ πατεῖδ' οἶαν ῥολήν
 Ἐπταζέ παφρων κοίρανῳ,
 Λαοῖσιν ἐνπῆμος πατήρ· ἔ μῦ ματὴν
 Ὑψίλον εἰς ἑδὸς θεῶ
 Ευχαί Βρεταννῆς εἶβαν τῶδ' ἡμαπ
 Ὅταν σὺ πρῶτον γνέο.
 Νυν πάντα σὺς ὑπ' ἀρχῆς χαλῶς εἰδομένη
 Τελεσμένη, ὥς πατεῖς ἐλδέται,
 Χαίρεσσι δῶροις τῆς ἐλευθερίας, φλογῶ
 Πολεμοῖο σθένυμῶν χάκκ.

G R A T U L A T I O

WHere Oxford views the source of rural wealth,
 The hand of industry and nerve of health,
 Forth steps the thoughtful sage at early morn,
 By matted meadow green, or yellow corn;
 And oft, while Morpheus' torpid bands are spread
 O'er the dull brain, and unprolific head,
 Sweet inspiration warms the active youth,
 Fancy's bright rays, or steady light of truth:
 Autumnus here preserves the golden grain,
 And hovers genial o'er the faithful plain:
 Here rose with humid wing from Charwell's stream,
 Amidst the fatt'ning mist, and orient gleam
 That aim'd its level line of pallid hue,
 And spread his white attire to mortal view;
 Loose flow'd the robe, and shone with purest white,
 Save where discolour'd by the tincture bright
 Of purpled vintage, or the dedal crown
 Of fruits, whose ripen'd juices trickled down:
 The well-wrought fickle glitter'd in his hand,
 And thrice he wav'd it o'er the drougthy land.

"Yet here, he cried, some plenty shall I find,
 My cares rewarded, and my subjects kind;
 In distant fields, where'er I wont to stray,
 Earth groans beneath the fev'rish blaze of day;
 Her bosom vegetative juice denies,
 Her comely front in squalid grayness lies:
 Each gasping Dryad hides her torrid head,
 And ancient rivers quit the sandy bed:
 From the parch'd clefts the trooping gadflies burst,
 And goad the cattle languishing with thirst;
 A treasure now is every dewy drop
 Which with the prickly furze they chance to crop;
 Driv'n to the waste, bare heath, or arid bank,
 Wild broom they browse, and scanty thistles rank:

O'er

UNIV. OXONIENSIS.

O'er ample forests trait'rous worms are seen
 To mar their fruits, and taint their foliage green.
 But heav'n has mercy still; nor much I moan
 Exhausted earth, and her abundance flown. —
 See spreading branches of the royal stem,
 Th' establish'd throne, and strengthen'd diadem!
 Not such my pride in fields of wavy corn,
 In wine or oil, or plenty's various horn,
 As when mankind extends its peopled store,
 The thronging city, and the swarming shore;
 Hence commerce sits triumphant at her helm,
 And strength and riches guard the polish'd realm:
 Own then, ye wise, whose mental view is cast
 On future times, nor mindless of the past,
 No vulgar blessing of the hand divine
 This budding hope of Britain's royal line!
 See Faction from her strongest holds shut out,
 The maze of Pedigree, and house of Doubt,
 While to the sword vain disputations yield,
 And claims of Title dye th'ensanguin'd field.
 Fly, venom'd Discord, to thy native hell!
 And, Superstition, seek thy monkish cell!
 Here pure Religion, walking hand in hand
 With perfect Freedom, guards the favour'd land.
 Ev'n Europe claims her share of patriot joy,
 Building high hope on Britain's royal boy!
 Cement of union! that shall feel no waste
 From bounded time, or life's impetuous haste!
 Still shall the king, the father, and the friend,
 O'er loyal hearts protecting love extend;
 Still fair descendants shall the nuptials bless,
 And glorious actions noblest birth express:
 As when some stream, a city's thirst to slake,
 From mountainous springs is taught its course to take,

GRATULATIO

'The rills, deriv'd, with limpid bounty bright
Flow not oblivious of their parent's height.
Such lasting blessings are by heav'n assign'd
To well-rein'd passions, and the pious mind,
The soul connubial, scorning selfish life
For mutual obligation's pleasing strife,
That sees the lessons of domestic days
On private goodness public wisdom raise;
The clustering social virtues join'd in one,
A ruling parent, as a duteous son.
No more Autumnus' careful brow shall fear
The thankless harvest, and penurious year,
Should ev'n these fields their wonted gifts refuse,
Though moist with Isis' and with Charwell's dews,
Yet would I boast, where'er I take my flight,
While vegetation sleeps thro' winter's night,
That glorious fruitfulness has deign'd to smile
With richest influence on my much-lov'd isle."

He said, and breathing o'er his subject throng
The spirit of labour, urg'd by rustic song,
Midst show'rs of roses, to the fragrant gale
He gave his outstretch'd wing's resplendent sail;
Then steer'd his course through tracts of airy way
To southern climes of undiminish'd day.

Robert Vansittart, LL. D.

Fellow of All Souls College.

UNIV. OXONIENSIS.

בתולה בת עמי
בריטניה מוחנר
לבשי נא לבשי בגרי תפארתך
בגרי תהלה כי נאווה תהלה:

אשרי העם בארץ
שמלכו טוב וצדיק
אשרי אשרי העם שככר לו
אם לא ימות המלך כי יחיה:

אשה מגדל על מות
וחי האב בבניו
למלכנו בני בנים יקומו
הן ילדה שגל בן נתן לה:

היום ברוך ההוא
והשחר בו ילד שר
לפני יום זה ירח יקר הלוך
זרחי אורי בו שמש לעולם:

בני הנביאים ששים
כל כנורות העירו
הגידו הם אושר מלך ועם
ויקראו כל גוי אל תורה:

תנו כבוד לאל עליון
מאשרים בריטנים
לדור ודור תרוממה שמו
לעד חסרו עליכם הללו יה:

Benj. Kennicott, S. T. P.
Collegii Exoniensis Socius.

G R A T U L A T I O

Felix objecto divisa Britannia ponto!
 O! secura mali! te non virtutis egentem
 Infanus belli longè circumstrepit horror.
 Intereà dubio trepidat Germania motu,
 Seu victrix, seu victa, suis peritura triumphis.
 Tu verò e celsa despectas arce ruinas
 Incolumis, ludum crudelem Martis inulta
 Aspicias, et socios tandem miserata labores
 Arma moves; præsens lapsis succurrere rebus,
 Erigere oppressos et debellare superbos.
 Incassum solito se jactat Iberia fastu
 Vana minans; frustra numerofo milite fidens
 Gallia et infidiis et cladibus omnia vexat.
 Tu perstas illæsa hostilibus invia turmis,
 Elisofque ausus et inermes despicias iras,
 Atque impunè finis fluctus ad littora volvi.
 Illi indignantes magno cum murmure circum
 Clausa fremunt, nisuque aditus rimantur inani:
 Auditur longè fragor, et furor irritus exit
 In spumam, laterique illisa repellitur unda.

Salve, magna parens heroum, invictaque pugnīs,
 Tuta domi, metuenda foras, in utrumque parata,
 Seu pacem, seu bella geris! Tu dissita jungens
 Intervalla locorum Indo dominaris utrique,
 Velivolis liquidum complectens classibus orbem.

Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena triumphī!
 Undique decerptas portat Victoria palmas,
 Deplumes aquilas, decussaque lilia monstrans,
 Et Britonas rerum dominos, gentemque togatam.
 I, peragra terras alio sub sole calentes;
 Quà nitet Eoi gemmata superbia luxūs;
 Hinc Coromandel, et hinc Malabarica littora, Ganges
 Quà septemgemino prorumpit in æquora fluctu, et
 Sole sub Australi quà decolor æstuat Afer,
 Et Niger auriferas circumfluus alluit oras,

Quaque

UNIV. OXONIENSIS.

Quaque Arctoa lacus saltusque Canadia pandit,
Cuncta patet tellus nostro non invia marti.

En! domitus servit Laurentius omnibus undis,
Additaque Angliacis Borealis America regnis!

Audin', Io! qualis se tollit ad æthera præan
Nauticus! omnis eo terrore Hispania latè
Contremuit, sonitu perculsa ruentis Havannæ.

Illa minax frustra munitas objicit arces,
Fossarumque moras, et inexpugnabile vallum:

Anglus ovat victor; pavidi mirantur Iberi

Signa per obsessas fluitare Britannica turre,

Captivosque Indos, et onustas merce carinas.

Tuque Caribbæas notissima Cycladas inter

Insula dives opum, tuto, Martinica, portu,

I, nunc infidias nostris meditare carinis

Infelix, impar Marti congressa Britanno!

Per mare, per terras Europæ prædo repulsus

Terga dedit Gallus, minor in certamine longo,

Atque animis opibusque exhaustis, supplice gestu

Præterdit ramum tardè crescentis olivæ.

Talia Mæonio meditantem dicere versu

Cynthiaus increpuit — "Tenuis ne grandia tentes;

Arma virosque canant, et tinctas sanguine palmas,

Quæ lituos acres inflare tubamque Maronis

Musa dedit, magnumque loqui: te pacis alumnum

Musa lyræ solers humiles agitare choreas

Admonet, et blando circum cunabula lusu

Acclinem placido testari gaudia plausu —

Gaudia, quæ nato cum principe publica manent

In patriam populumque." O! spes surgentis Iuli

Quàm pulchrè captos pertentat imagine sensus,

Ad feros raptans ævi venientis honores,

Et docet ominibus votisque hæc fausta precari;

"Ah! tener hic vigeat nulli violabilis Euro

G R A T U L A T I O

"Flosculus, et latè jucundos spiret odores!
 "Emicet ad solem vivacis gratia formæ,
 "Hortorum prædulce decus, multosque per annos
 "Perstet honos! crescenti illi crescetis, amores!
 "Chare puer, qualem sibi finxit Roma futurum,
 "Tu Marcellus eris, fatis melioribus usus;
 "Tu superans meritis et spes et vota tuorum,
 "In longum patriæ, tali plaudentis alumno,
 "Gaudia produces, nullis violanda querelis.
 "Vive diu! et regno succedas ferus avito!

Hæc tibi prima, puer, tenui munuscula cultu
 Musa dedit, majora parans cum firmior ætas
 Ediderit matura virum: tum clara parentis
 Facta leges, repetensque exempla domestica laudum
 Ardebis miro patriæ virtutis amore.
 Acclamat populus, "Tu nunc eris alter ab illo
 Quo majus meliusve nihil:" — Tua dicere facta
 Incipiet tum Musa mari terrâque triumphos,
 Bella canens pacemque, atque artes pacis alumnas:
 Te canet Augustum, qui civibus aurea condis
 Secula, et auspicio meliore tueris et ornas;
 Cæfare digna geren's, et carmine digna Maronis.

Joannes Tottie, S.T.P.

Ædis Christi Sub-Decanus.

UNIV. OXONIENSIS.

WRITTEN AFTER THE LATE INSTALLATION AT WINDSOR.

Imperial Dome of Edward wife and brave !
 Where warlike honour's brightest banners wave ;
 At whose proud Tilts, unmatch'd for hardy deeds,
 Heroic kings have frown'd on barbed steeds :
 Though now no more thy crested chiefs advance
 In arm'd array, nor grasp the glittering lance ;
 Though knighthood boasts the martial pomp no more
 That grac'd it's gorgeous festivals of yore ;
 Say, conscious Dome, if e'er thy marshal'd knights
 So nobly deck'd their old majestic rites,
 As when, high-thron'd amid thy trophied Shrine,
 GEORGE shone the leader of the garter'd line ?

Yet future triumphs, Windsor, still remain ;
 Still may thy bowers receive as brave a train :
 For lo, to Britain and her Favour'd Pair,
 Heaven's high command has sent a sacred Heir !
 Him the bold pattern of his patriot fire
 Shall fill with early fame's immortal fire :
 In life's fresh spring, e'er buds the promis'd prime,
 His thoughts shall mount to virtue's meed sublime :
 The patriot fire shall catch, with sure presage,
 Each liberal omen of his opening age ;
 Then to thy courts shall lead, with conscious joy,
 In stripling beauty's bloom the princely boy ;
 There firmly wreath the Braid of heavenly die,
 True valour's badge, around his tender thigh.
 Meantime, thy royal piles that rise elate
 With many an antique tower, in massy state,
 In the young champion's musing mind shall raise
 Vast images of Albion's elder days.

G R A T U L A T I O

While, as around his eager glance explores
 Thy chambers rough with war's constructed stores,
 Rude helms, and bruised shields, barbaric spoils
 Of ancient chivalry's undaunted toils;
 Amid the dusky trappings, hung on high
 Young Edward's fable mail shall strike his eye:
 Shall fire the youth, to crown his riper years
 With rival Cressys, and a new Poitiers;
 On the same wall, the same triumphal base,
 His own victorious monuments to place.

Nor can a fairer kindred title move
 His emulative age to glory's love
 Than Edward, laureate prince. In letter'd truth,
 Oxford, sage mother, school'd his studious youth:
 Her simple institutes, and rigid lore,
 The royal nursling unreluctant bore;
 Nor shunn'd, at pensive eve, with lonesome pace
 The moonlight cloyster's checquer'd floor to trace;
 Nor scorn'd to mark the sun, at mattins due,
 Stream through the storied window's holy hue.
 And O, Young Prince, be thine his moral praise;
 Nor seek in fields of blood his warrior bays.
 War has it's charms terrific. Far and wide
 When stands th' embattled host in banner'd pride;
 O'er the vex'd plain when the shrill clangours run,
 And the long phalanx flashes in the sun;
 When now no dangers of the deathful day
 Mar the bright scene, nor break the firm array;
 Full oft, too rashly glows with fond delight
 The youthful breast, and asks the future fight;
 Nor knows that Horror's form, a spectre wan,
 Stalks, yet unseen, along the gleamy van.
 May no such rage be thine: No dazzling ray
 Of specious fame thy steadfast feet betray.

U N I V. O X O N I E N S I S.

Be thine domestic glory's radiant Calm,
Be thine the scepter wreath'd with many a palm ;
Be thine the throne with peaceful emblems hung,
The silver lyre to milder conquest strung !
Instead of glorious feats atchiev'd in arms,
Bid rising Arts display their mimic charms :
Just to thy country's fame, in tranquil days
Record the past, and rouse to future praise :
Before the public eye, in breathing brass,
Bid thy fam'd father's mighty triumphs pass :
Swell the broad arch with haughty Cuba's fall,
And cloath with Minden's plain th' historic hall.

Then mourn not, Edward's Dome, thine ancient boast,
Thy tournaments, and list'd combats lost !
From Arthur's Board, no more, proud castle, mourn
Adventurous valour's gothic trophies torn !
Those elfin charmes, that held in magic night
It's elder fame, and dimm'd it's genuine light,
At length dissolve in truth's meridian ray,
And the bright Order bursts to perfect day :
The mystic round, begirt with bolder peers,
On virtue's base it's rescued glory rears ;
Sees civil prowess mightier acts atchieve,
Sees meek humanity distress relieve ;
Adopts the Worth that bids the conflict cease,
And claims it's honours from the Chiefs of Peace.

THOMAS WARTON, M. A.

FELLOW OF TRINITY COLLEGE,
PROFESSOR OF POETRY.



52248

L
G773
Gratulatio solennis Universitatis
Oxoniensis. (1762).

**University of Toronto
Library**

**DO NOT
REMOVE
THE
CARD
FROM
THIS
POCKET**

Acme Library Card Pocket
LOWE-MARTIN CO. LIMITED

